The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 6 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

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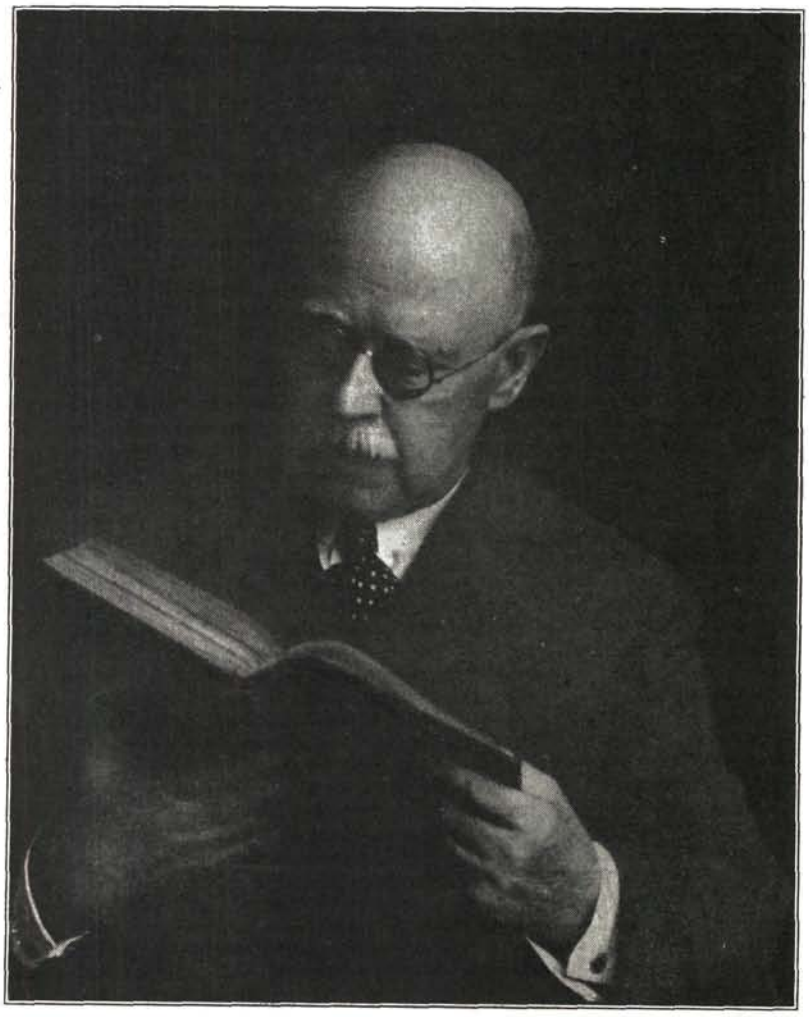

Disraeli

BURTON J. HENDRICK

"He shows, as all true history must show, that the living Constitution is but in small part the instrument that came from the Framers and is in large part the product of a never-ending evolution". . . *(See page 4)*

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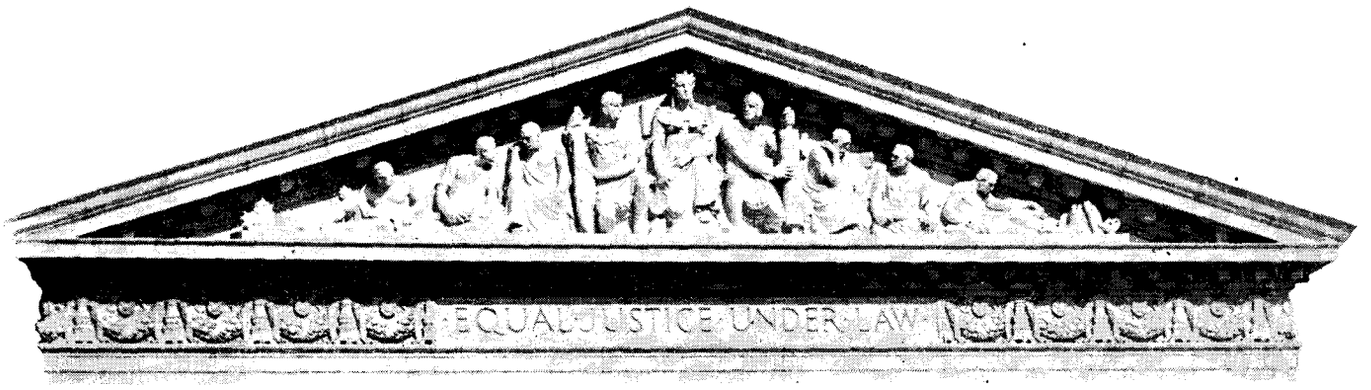

Keystone

The Court, the Constitution, and the Country*

BY THOMAS REED POWELL

OF the making of books about the Constitution there is as yet no sign of any beginning of an end. For two years past they have poured forth from the presses. Two writers who a year or more ago retold the story of the constitutional convention have by opposing emphases given quite different accounts. Fred Rodell, in "Fifty-Five Men," picks every bit of discussion that shows the framers to be concerned to safeguard the interests of traders and lenders and shippers; Hastings Lyon, in "The Constitution and the Men Who Made It," sedulously neglects such low matters except for a single minimizing chapter. Either book by itself gives a more accurate picture of the mind of the author than of the totality of the forces behind the Constitution. It seems strange that one should shy away from the recognition of clashing economic interests in any process of government when all history tells the same story. It seems equally strange that one should insist that any expression of other springs of action than the crassest materialism is of necessity all humbug. People who cared deeply for union in 1787 and 1861 were not animated exclusively by the pocket nerve. Government after all is a very complex thing, as President Harding naively failed to recognize when he said the opposite.

Those most eager to emphasize that the framing and ratification of the Constitution were the work of dominant economic interests are least prone to contend that this motive power establishes the true ideal for the functioning and interpretation of the instrument. They are the first to recognize that the Fathers laid down their framework in such broad outlines that in no significant degree did they do anything like imposing a strait-jacket on the organism that they initiated. In so far as we have suffered or are suffering from any strait-jacket, the fault is not that of the Fathers but of later wielders of power who have professed to divine their hidden thoughts and by that professed divination to say that legislators and executives may not do what they have sought to do. It was not the Fathers who said that the nation could not prohibit slavery in the territories or levy an unapportioned tax on income from property. It was a majority of the Supreme Court in the days of Mr. Chief Justice Taney and of Mr. Chief Justice Fuller. This, there is none now to deny. Perspicacity wanes in some quarters only with respect to controversies more closely within contemporary lack of vision.

At the present moment the country is debating whether our contemporary Supreme Court has behaved so badly that something should be done about it. Among the debaters who have appeared before the Senate Committee there is more agreement that the Supreme Court has behaved badly than concurrence as to what to do about it. Some think that past bad behavior is not likely to continue and that the recent somersaults of Mr. Justice Roberts have landed him permanently in a satisfactory position. Some think that we can endure bad behavior a little longer until relief comes without the interposition of legislation. Others think that the remedy for bad behavior is some form of constitutional amendment. Some favor amendments to prevent the bad behavior of five Justices from determining the decrees of the Court. Others favor an amendment to permit Congress by an extraordinary majority to overcome the bad behavior of a majority of the Court. The President and those who agree with him favor legislative and executive action to correct bad judicial behavior by adding some new Justices who will be less likely to behave badly. All these suggestions are premised upon the conviction that a majority of the Supreme Court have in fact behaved badly and that we need some safeguards against the possibility of further bad behavior in the near and remote future.

Only one of the books now inviting notice deals primarily with these symptoms of disease and the various proposed cures. Mr. Feinstein, in "The Court Disposes," seems to disapprove of the greater part of the conduct of the Supreme Court throughout most of our history and seems to favor combining all the remedies suggested. "Whatever the remedy adopted," he says, "it is time that the legend of judicial impartiality and omniscience were destroyed; judicial supremacy overturned. Democracy must curb the Supreme Court or the Supreme Court, instrument of our great concentrations of economic power, will destroy democracy. This is the choice before the American people." Of course the legend of judicial impartiality and omniscience dies hard, but Mr. Feinstein's detailed account of the Supreme Court and minimum wage legislation is an effective lethal instrument. This story alone is enough to convince every one that Supreme Court Justices are finite and fallible and that in most of the crucial decisions the determining factor is what is inside a majority of the Justices rather than what is inside the document framed by the Fathers.

Mr. Hendrick's title, "Bulwark of the Republic," suggests that he is writing a rhapsody on the Supreme Court, but this is not the fact. The "Bulwark of the Re-

* *BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC—A Biography of the Constitution. By Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.50.*

THE COURT DISPOSES. By Isidore Feinstein. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $1.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE NATIONAL WILL. By Dean Alfange. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Next Week

THE MISSOURI RIVER COUNTRY
By MARI SANDOZ

THE ROAD
By NATHAN ASCH
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

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public" is not the Court but the Constitution itself. What we are given is a history of some major constitutional quarrels woven around the personalities of the leading participants. Less than forty pages are devoted to the period after Reconstruction. These conclude with great praise of Mr. Justice Holmes. Holmes and Marshall are linked together as great nationalists. "These two great figures," it is said, "may be taken as embodying the spirit and achievements of the Constitution in their day." If great dissents may embody the spirit and achievement of the Constitution, it is well enough to pay to the spirit of the Constitution the compliment that is deserved by Holmes. If, however, Mr. Hendrick really appreciated the attitude of Holmes, he could hardly have said that "its harshest critics can scarcely maintain that, in the seventy-five years since Appomattox, the Supreme Court has failed to keep abreast of progress." One will go to Mr. Hendrick, not for his judgments, but for his vivid portrayal of some of the highlights of constitutional history.

Mr. Alfange is a lawyer and writes almost exclusively about the work of the Supreme Court in deciding constitutional cases. His accurate technical knowledge has not prevented him from keeping within the range of lay understanding or from seeing through the attempted obfuscations of some courts and commentators. He knows what Mr. Justice Sutherland does better than does Mr. Justice Sutherland himself. After a quotation from the opinion in the now momentarily defunct first Minimum Wage Case (Adkins Case), Mr. Alfange continues:

> Now while in many cases it is relatively easy to determine at what point governmental interference with the liberty of the individual becomes unconstitutional, in many others such determination involves judgment not only on whether Congress has the power to enact a certain law, but on its desirability and wisdom as well. It is in such cases that the Court functions, in effect, as a third branch of the legislature and judicial review becomes the means to judicial supremacy. Nor is there much warrant for believing that judges, when they thus intrude into the legislative field, are guarded by more objective canons than ordinary legislators. Indeed, between the letter of the Constitution and the provisions of a given statute there is an enormous gap which must be filled with judicial interpretation; and judicial interpretation cannot but be influenced by the intellectual bent and the emotional bias of the judges. And so it comes about that, when the state attempts to interfere with economic enterprise, eminent justices become embattled defenders of laissez faire and their decisions tend, in the words of Justice Holmes, to incorporate in the Constitution "Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics'" by stretching the "due process of law" clause far beyond its procedural meaning.

Blackstone Studios
DEAN ALFANGE

The truth of this is not confined to applications of the due-process clauses. It was the intellectual bent and emotional bias of majorities of the Court that kept Congress from suppressing interstate trade in the products of child labor, from establishing a pension system on interstate railways, and from paying bonuses to farmers for crop restriction. It was the Court and not the Constitution that granted to Congress wide powers over local railroad rates and denied corresponding wide powers over local sales practices. The fact that these two judicial judgments were unanimous does not mean that they were the judgments of the Framers. Contradictory decisions cannot both be dictated by the Constitution. Later courts have overruled earlier courts in expanding the application of the Fourteenth Amendment to restrict state rate regulation and state taxation. Whether with Mr. Feinstein you condemn the general trend of judicial action or whether with those who have profited from it you praise it, the fact remains that you must condemn or praise the Court rather than the Constitution, unless you choose to go so far as to condemn the Constitution for leaving open the path that the Court has chosen to tread.

For over twenty years we have had repeated instances of stern warnings from the ablest Justices of the Supreme Court to their majority colleagues who have persisted in stretching the judicial function more and more. Had the views of the able minority been dominant in the past two decades, we could hardly have had put to us any proposal to interfere in any way with the personnel or the function of the Supreme Court. There are many instances of judicial disagreement in which the minority make no charge that the majority is abusing the judicial function. It is the more significant, therefore, that this charge has been increasingly insistent. Academic judgment has been preponderantly with the minority conception of judicial tolerance toward legislation. Such part of the bar as has been vocal is more inclined to refrain from criticism and to talk in terms of institutionalism in disregard of what known individuals have committed in the name of institutionalism. From many leading lawyers who have argued recently in the *Journal* of the Bar Association, one gets hardly an inkling of the actualities of the situation which has moved many to search about for some remedy. In such a crisis, it is of no great service to play the ostrich.

So long as we continue to retain a federal system, we have to have a judicial umpire. The Court also has an important mission in keeping the several states from poaching on each other's preserves. As Mr. Alfange says, the Court can "help to bring about social change by consent, and, at the same time, preserve the framework, the machinery, and the *habit* of free government." This, he adds, is a "high and an eminently political mission," and "the first requisite for its successful accomplishment is frank recognition of the political implications of judicial review." Such a recognition might "influence executive and senatorial policy with respect to appointments" and suggest "such modifications in the Court's powers and procedure as will make judicial review more compatible with democratic government." Mr. Alfange writes with deserved respect for the institution of judicial review, but he knows that institutions are not self-operating and that the men who man them must in the long run be judged by what they do. Menaces to institutions may come from within as well as from without.

Mr. Hendrick points the same moral with respect to all phases of constitutional development, for his emphasis is on the men who have been the leaders in constitutional crises. He shows, as all true history must show, that the living Constitution is but in small part the instrument that came from the Framers and is in large part the product of a never-ending evolution. One of the forces in this evolution is wide-spread hostility to what from time to time officials do in the name of the Constitution. That the current hostility to the conduct of what has been a majority of the Supreme Court is an important fact for the Court itself to reckon with, none could gainsay, least of all Mr. Justice Roberts who received such sudden new light on the minimum-wage issue. Mr. Alfange in his brief epilogue invokes the recent decisions sustaining the Wagner Labor Act to show that the Court "has thus demonstrated once more its ability to take into account economic and social realities, its responsiveness to the national will, and the elasticity of a Con-

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 6, June 5, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

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stitution . . ." We cannot know the secrets of the conference room, but we can still be fairly confident that this recent judicial "responsiveness to the national will" was accelerated by what has been going on outside the walls of the conference room.

Whatever the outcome of the struggle now going on in Congress, the President's pending proposal has already had significant results, both in the actual conduct of the Supreme Court and in the wide increase of public awareness of what judicial majorities have long been doing and of what they might continue to do if not subject to the check of insistent public criticism. The awareness of public awareness is reflected in editorial comment in conservative journals. Newspapers that normally would welcome judicial frustration of the Wagner Labor Act now praise the Supreme Court for sustaining it and allowing it wide sweep. Their love is not for the Wagner Act but for judicial behavior that will not menace the maintenance of judicial power. Newspapers that not long ago would have shuddered at the retirement of Mr. Justice Van Devanter now welcome it as an added reason against any increase in the size of the Court. When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. The rest of the adage does not necessarily follow. There may be permanent conversions as well as temporary ones. At the moment, at any rate, the President has started new trends for old, and one may approve of the making of the proposal even though one does not approve of the proposal itself.

One can only speculate as to whether defeat of the proposal or of some more rational substitute would have a tendency to confirm judicial majorities in the readiness to act as governors on the basis of their personal views of public policy. Little of the talk of the opponents of the proposal has conferred any glory on recent wielders of judicial power whose conduct has stimulated a demand for remedy. No one seems eager to insist that Mr. Justice Holmes was foolish in his repeated objections and repeated warnings. All that is said now can be said again if the lesson is later lost. The work of the Supreme Court from month to month will be likely to be observed closely in the future as it has been observed in the recent past. It still may happen that future judicial majorities may be perverse and foolish and often stray from the path marked out by their professions, as judicial majorities have done in the recent past; but it seems unlikely that they can long continue to fool the people with the myth that it is not they that speak but the Constitution that speaketh in them. Our contemporary controversy will at any rate always be a reminder that judges are human beings deservedly subject to be brought before the bar of public judgment for what they do in the name of the Constitution.

Thomas Reed Powell is a member of the faculty of the Harvard Law School.

A Preacher in the Fifties

A MIGHTY FORTRESS. By Le Grand Cannon. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

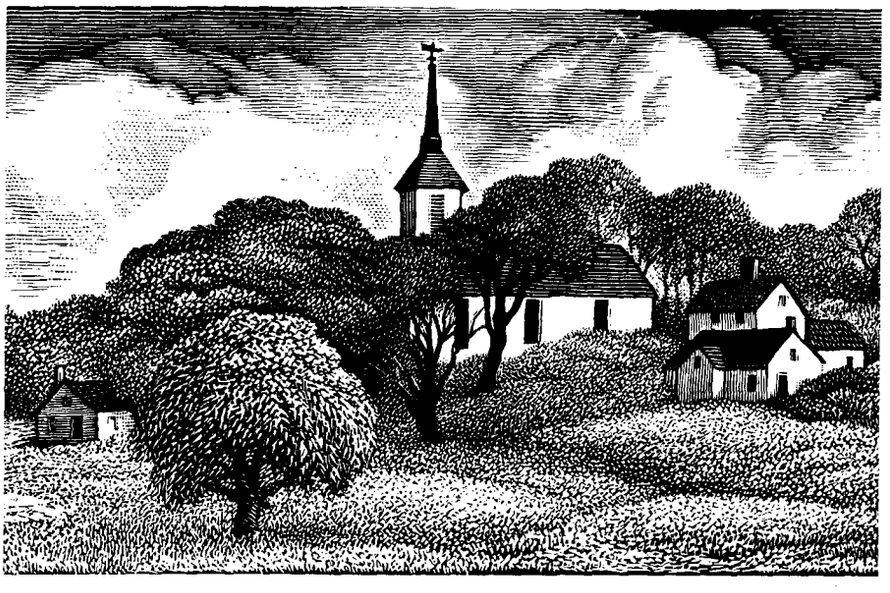
Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

NOVELS about ministers are apt to get a little overheated, if the author doesn't watch out. There are plenty of imitation Elmer Gantrys and Robert Elsmeres in modern fiction—but, except for Mr. James Gould Cozzens's portrait of a metropolitan pastor, the rank and file of the church has come off rather badly. It is greatly to Mr. Cannon's credit, and a tribute to his skill, that his unpretentious but thoughtful picture of a young New England preacher of the Fifties succeeds in making an entirely human being of Zeke Peele without once misunderstanding his profession or the way that he felt about it. Zeke is neither a saint, a martyr, nor a hypocrite—but he is as real as one of Trollope's characters, though with the different reality of New England Protestantism.

It began with Mr. Watling, the revivalist. He put up at the Peele farm when Zeke was a boy—and, after Zeke got to know him and admire him, he began to know what he wanted to be in life. Before that, he had thought of running away to sea. But when he found out that he could keep going on Repent-ye-for-the-kingdom-of-heaven-is-at-hand for a little better than fifteen minutes without having to stop once, by himself, the next step seemed inevitable. Then there was Andover Theological Seminary, and a job at four hundred dollars a year as one of the assistant pastors of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston. That sounded like something, but he was lonely enough when Deacon MacIntosh first asked him to dinner. He ate—it was what he had come for—but there was also the Deacon's niece, who played the piano. So, almost inevitably, he married her, at nineteen. It was a highly unsuitable marriage, from every point of view but Deacon MacIntosh's. And yet, it worked out, and did so without fireworks or breast-beating. Zeke didn't happen to be the breast-beating kind.

There is drama in the preaching of Zeke's Abolition sermon that gave him a brief and troubled notoriety—there is drama in his sudden elevation to the pastorate of the Twelfth Congregational and in his abrupt dismissal. There is even a touch of melodrama, not as convincing as it might be, in the devious machinations of Deacon MacIntosh and the secret his niece had guarded. But these are not the book, though they are necessary to the plot of it—and the most exciting part of the narrative is the simple description of Zeke's preaching, on trial, at the small country church where, after his failure in Boston, he hopes against hope to be called. For Mr. Cannon has the gift of making small incidents important to the reader, and his touch with human character is delicately sure. Zeke's essential knottiness is as genuine as his essential worth—what he does, he will have to do in his own way, and you feel it.

Hardly less successful is Mr. Watling, the showy, likable revivalist, flawed but engaging—and the minor characters throughout are admirably done, with truth and reticent humor. "A Mighty Fortress" is not a pretentious book, it does not beat the big drum. But it seems, to this reviewer, a remarkably solid and promising first novel, as genuine as bread—and that Mr. Cannon deserves a good many congratulations for his successful handling of a difficult theme.



FROM THE JACKET OF "A MIGHTY FORTRESS"

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N. Y. Herald Tribune

MR. AND MRS. WELLS WITH "SNOOKS"

See the World and Like It

BLOOD ON THE MOON. By Linton Wells. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

DURING my last year as correspondent in Moscow, Linton Wells was there representing a competing press agency, and the toughest competition I had had in six years. Before I left the newspaper boys threw a good-bye party at the not-so-Grand Hotel. And my most vivid memory of that party is Linton Wells in shirtsleeves doing handsprings backward before the admiring throng. Come to think of it, he has been doing handsprings all his life, backward and forward: covering wars, uncovering scandals, establishing round-world records, becoming sovereign of South Sea tribes, flying airplanes, racing motorcars, and cooking up scenarios. At the moment he's raising and educating an Ethiopian leopard in a New York hotel room. . . . The punch and the color of his uninhibited and tumultuous life are in his autobiography, "Blood on the Moon." There are single chapters, even single incidents, which would have sufficed other writers for entire books. But Linton's existence has been so crowded that he can afford to be profligate with its materials.

Much of the acrobatics of his experience, to be sure, is pointless. He has no thesis to prove and no passionate cause to propagate. Whatever philosophy he has in his make-up is summed up in the final lines of this book:

> So now, having looked backward along the Corridor of Years and let my memory wander in and out of various rooms of my life, I can think of no more appropriate conclusion than to say I have liked it all. . . .

It is the fact that he "liked it all" which communicates itself most strongly to the reader. Wells has been as close to the main currents of world affairs in his generation—he is still a very young man—as any reporter alive. His experience compasses the World War, intervention in Asiatic Russia, Central American revolutions, Italy under the sign of the Fascio, Germany under the sign of the swastika, the U. S. S. R. under Stalin's reign, the Abyssinian slaughter, and a score of other major episodes. He has been moved and puzzled and occasionally even angered as he went through these episodes and now and then attempts to assay them. But on the whole his experience rests lightly on his spirit. Eloquent abhorrence of all war and of Mussolini's blood-letting in Africa in particular is the nearest he comes to crusading in the entire volume.

Readers who seek guidance in a world going mad will scarcely find it in Wells's exciting pages, nor will they be inclined to follow blindly where it is proffered. But readers seeking a robust and almost naively honest record of great events and sheer drama of personal exploit will find it in full measure. Newspapering is only one broad strand in Wells's variegated experience. At a time when even foreign correspondents started to search for the long view, lost themselves in statistics, and got tangled in conflicting isms, he remained a reporter in the Richard Harding Davis tradition of do and dare. Richard Harding Davis, indeed, was his first hero and all his subsequent heroes were simply variations on the theme. But above all he has been his own hero, relishing every stunt and scoop and record to its dregs.

That relish is in his book and a lot of readers, I suspect, are in for a rich treat.

Manifest Destiny

A HISTORY OF CHICAGO. Volume I: The Beginning of a City. By Bessie Louise Pierce. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by E. DOUGLAS BRANCH

RAMSAY CROOKS, president of the American Fur Company, in the early 1840's planned a permanent feathering for his fledglings' nest. As his predecessor John Jacob Astor had insured son William Backhouse and his son's progeny against want, by investments in city lots, so would Crooks. Since its early teens Crooks's life had been redolent of castoreum; he knew the West, shrewdly and at first-hand. For an enduring investment in town lots, he sought the future metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. Crooks narrowed his surmise to Green Bay or Chicago; and chose Green Bay.

Miss Pierce's volume of more than four hundred pages, with an exemplary dressing of appendices, bibliography, index, and foreword, does not clearly show why the fur baron was wrong, why some of his descendants had to work for a living. This painstaking labor of the author and her research assistants is devoted to a town which in 1848 (when the book closes) contained barely twenty thousand people. The tracing of the puffball growth of Chicago into the blatant, busy, ugly, beautiful capital of the Middle West remains for later volumes of what apparently is to be a four-part history, as definitive as scholarship can make it.

"A chaos of mud, rubbish, and confusion" or a door to paradise—as late as the middle 1840's the observer could take his choice. The town on Garlic Creek had passed through the languid age of the French occupation, been crushed by the Fort Dearborn massacre and revived to carry on the unvaried life and slow growth of a trading-post. It had emerged from the shadow of the Black Hawk War into a speculative era brightened by transportation enterprises and fogged by the stogies of many land-agents. A Chicago of real estate speculators and bona fide settlers rubbing elbows; Irish and German laborers at work on the canal; steamboats discharging their cargoes of emigrants for the farmlands; the frontier of the arts and sciences moving in upon the geographical frontier. . . . Then the Moloch ex machina, the Panic of 1837; and five lean years of declining prices, the bankruptcy bath, "This ticket good for one drink" slipped into the collection-box in lieu of the nonexistent dime.

In its outlines the story of Chicago's early years has the generic marks of frontier experience. If its citizens possessed buoyant faith that their town was on the march toward commercial ascendency, so did those of other towns. The Middle West is cluttered with flag-stations which local pride had expected to become important

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ganglia in the network of national commerce. Michigan City and Milwaukee had better harbors than Chicago's; and until the railroad era water transportation appeared the timeless indispensable for the growth of a city. But striking among the factors which made Chicago "the largest inland commercial Emporium of the United States" was its many-sided and persistent, not sporadic, zest for improvements in transportation. Chicago was not content with its Lake, nor with the rise of steam navigation which quickened the Westward trek by weeks. As early as 1815 plans were drawn and surveys made for a canal to supersede the old portage route from Chicago to the Mississippi. In 1836 the canal was begun; it was opened for navigation in 1848. By that date telegraph and express were serving the growing city; turnpikes and plank roads were highways for the wheat wagons and the hog droves from the interior; and the signal of Chicago's manifest destiny was the whistle of the first railroad train in Chicago, on the Galena and Chicago Union tracks, October 25, 1848. That first run chugs Miss Pierce's history of the formative years of the city to a logical stop.

The story of transportation occupies much space in this "History." But an equally important factor in the growth of a city—the impact of strong personalities upon the environment—eludes the technic of the book. Names, dates, statistics, summaries, are here in plenty. But the important accidents of personality—associated with the Kinzies, William B. Ogden, John Wentworth, Walter L. Newberry, among others of the Chicago-builders—become obscured in the avalanche of facts.

Happily, these facts are of manifold sort. Banking, commerce, "the pursuit of culture," religious and humanitarian trends, are among the dominant stuffs of the book; government and politics receive but two chapters of the twelve. This catholic planning is one of the primary virtues of Miss Pierce's volume. The abundant documentation is nearly an innovation in local histories; though even the author's fellow professors, disciplined by theses and seminars, will find the eye rebels at the demand that it leap downward to snatch a footnote for almost every other sentence.

With this rescue of its history from the bright, impressionable newspapermen and from the subscription-volumes, Chicago builds another impressive memorial to its coming of age, the closing of its first "century of progress." The book indeed is reminiscent of the New Science Building that three and four years ago bulked over the fairgrounds: both products of modern science; book and building each a triumph of its type of engineering; calibrated to accuracy; impersonal and unwarmed.

E. Douglas Branch, research professor of history at the University of Pittsburgh, is the author of "The Sentimental Years, 1836-1860."

Those Were the Days

REMEMBER THE DAY. By Kenneth Horan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. HORAN'S engaging reminiscences of her childhood begin back in the days when William McKinley was President, when Republicanism was firmly in the saddle, and when the Republican party and prosperity were one and indivisible. They were the days when families rode to church in a surrey, when hostesses greeted their guests with a handshake high in air and crooked their little fingers gracefully over the teacups, when mothers said "sh" if divorce or childbirth was mentioned in the presence of little girls, and when to have a small waist was as much a claim to respect for a woman as to have been a Rough Rider was for a man. They were the days of gaslight and coal ranges, of houses with cupolas and porte-cochères, of metal animals disporting themselves on the lawn, of Culture Circles and Browning readings, of bicycles and pug dogs. Ah, those were the days!

Pappa, who was Mrs. Horan's father and owner and editor of a string of Michigan newspapers, was a bulwark of the Republican party, and Mamma, who wore her hair in a smooth pompadour and had lovely dresses over voluminous skirts, had the smallest waist in Michigan. Together they made home a happy and exciting place for two small daughters who peeked over balustrades when great Republicans came to the house, and sat behind screens when formal parties were under way, and at more informal ones and at political rallies had a part in the proceedings. Mrs. Horan's account of life during these golden years is gay and full of adroit characterizations sharply etched for all their affectionate temper.

DRAWINGS FROM "REMEMBER THE DAY"

Being an editor and a bulwark, Mr. Ingham saw all the great who came to his town, even Democrats on occasion. To his home came among others Jane Addams, who caused a stir by having to have a hot bath before the new paint had fairly dried in the bathtub but who impressed herself on everyone from coachman to little daughter as a very great lady indeed; the "Colonel," whose shoes appeared outside the blue guest room door at two o'clock in the morning to the consternation of the family until Cousin Frankie, who had been a Rough Rider with him, saved the situation by offering to polish them himself; Henry Ford, a thin young man whom the same Cousin Frankie brought to the house and who made an offer of stock in his new automobile factory which Pappa thought it wise to reject; O. Henry, with the prison pallor still upon him; and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb for whom highchairs, long since banished to the attic, were retrieved and placed beside the tea table so that they might sip their tea out of tiny spoons at ease. Eleanora Duse comes into the book, and Minnie Maddern Fiske and Joe Jefferson do too. McKinley appears twice, and Uncle Joe Cannon, very homespun and hearty and extremely gallant to Mamma, and Mark Twain, diplomatic with the ladies and jocular with Pappa, and tender to the little girls, are there. Maud Ballington Booth and the Salvation Army draw the good Episcopal family to a rally like a new Pied Piper, and they all come home singing "Jesus, lover of my soul" with a suspicion of tears in their eyes. And Pappa has tears in his eyes again when Bryan comes to town and makes his "crown of thorns" speech. "He's all wrong," says Pappa, "but can't he talk."

Mr. Bryan's speech was a great occasion in Pappa's town. "I wouldn't leave here now if the heavens opened," said Mamma, as the rain came down, "but I don't want you girls to get La Grippe," so she wrapt her cape around them as they huddled together and Kathie, the elder, "who kept up on everything," explained that La Grippe was "French for asthma." The Democrats sat, getting dripping wet and not minding, and the family went home quite sad.

A delightful household this of Pappa and Mamma and the girls ("Sh, the Girls," says Mamma ever and anon), and their aunts and cousin, and servants, and guests. Mrs. Horan has written a most winsome book about them, just the kind to send to a traveler, or an invalid, or, indeed, to anyone who wants a pleasant few hours.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Invitation to the Waltz

WRITING in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Wilson Follett has thoroughly confused us about the meaning of a proverbial phrase, "the devil to pay and no pitch hot," but to our best belief it describes a situation that has arisen among the orators on the left flank. It seems that the proprietors of the Writers' Congress intended not to invite us to attend. Just how pointed that intention was we do not know; they may have meant to ignore us on a high moral plane or they may have meant to humiliate us with a social snub. But someone sold them out and sent us an invitation all drawn up in proper form, including the "R. S. V. P." of the strictest bourgeois tradition and offering us an opportunity to sign the Call. If we had taken advantage of that opportunity the government of the literary left would have fallen before a vote of no confidence, but fortunately we didn't. We merely announced, on this page, that we weren't going to attend the Congress.

That was bad enough. The editors of *The New Masses*, a periodical so reminiscent of the Ogden High School *Classicum* of 1912 that we were probably its Exchange Editor at fifteen, were shocked. If we had been invited, then some revisionist had transgressed the principles of Marx; if we hadn't been, then we ourself had violated those other universal principles which Emily Post has codified once and for all. They interviewed the sponsors of the Congress, who informed them that they certainly had not invited us. Thereupon the editors of *The New Masses* observed the purest literary tradition, as from time to time we have described it here. Instead of digging out the facts, however scandalous, and being realistically governed by them, they adopted a comforting theory about them. The implications of our being invited were uncomfortable and perhaps even frightening. Therefore we could not have been invited. So the boys took a firm stand on Mrs. Post and called us presumptuous and ungracious.

In emergencies like this it is craven folly to adopt the literary explanation merely because it is the most comfortable one. The appalling fact is that we did receive through the U. S. Mail an invitation which was addressed to us by name and which looks genuine. Someone may have forged it, of course, but if so the situation is every bit as disquieting. Genuine or forged, someone sent it to us, and it is the inescapable duty of *The New Masses* to find out who he is. We shall be glad to sink all factional differences in the greater effort and to coöperate with the boys in their investigation, only asking them to face without flinching whatever facts may be brought to light. So far we can see only three working hypotheses, all of them distressing and two of them dreadful.

The least disturbing hypothesis is that some evangelist among them still hopes to convert us and mailed the invitation in a mood of pure prayer. Mr. Granville Hicks, who was recently explaining to us that there is no difference between the literary interests of Proust and those of Albert Halper, is an enthusiastic and prayerful soul, and it may have been he or someone near to him. If it was, we can only say that we intended no rudeness and that if he will sign the next one we shall reply in a way which Mrs. Post cannot possibly condemn. The task of his colleagues is simple and not too painful: they have only to explain dialectics to him.

But with the other two hypotheses we approach darkness and doom. It may be that an agent of the black reaction has got into the councils of the righteous and is boring from within, intending to discredit the Congress by inviting us to it and perhaps even getting us to attend. At this moment some one who has been admitted to the inner shrine, one who shares all the secrets and takes part in all the deliberations, may be a labor spy and an *agent provocateur* in a fascist plot. Only our transparent honesty in declining the invitation has betrayed his activity. But there is an even worse possibility. This unknown may not be an agent of the opposition: he may be one of the faithful who has backslidden and become a counter-revolutionary, which, as everyone knows, is far worse. Instead of originating in a fascist plot, our invitation may be part of a Trotskyist plot.

In either case, the editors of *The New Masses* are running a foolish and vainglorious risk by contenting themselves with denunciations of us. While they enervate themselves in the pursuit of adjectives, a spy or a traitor is in their midst. One of the most trusted among them is false as hell itself, and the very walls have ears. While they lingered in a literary lotos-land we were invited to this Congress, and while they sit still and call us ungracious we may be invited to the next one. Only the sternest measures will suffice; the boys have got to stop talking and begin to act, which is, you will remember, what we advised them to do a couple of weeks ago. We shall await with the liveliest interest word that *The New Masses* has begun a purge. If we can help, simply let us know.

The rest of what the boys say amply supports what we said, and confirms our prediction so well that, much as we have denounced literary prophets, we are tempted to set up as one. A line in the Call caught our eye: "We are not advancing these ideas as fixed theories that have to be accepted on pain of intellectual excommunication." Our observation indicated that that was hooey and we asserted that the boys didn't mean it. In the interest of experiment we suggest a tentative theory to be "discussed among writers as freely and widely as possible," and predicted that anyone who voiced it at the Congress would get thrown out on his ear. The boys didn't even wait for the Congress but threw us out on our ear two weeks before it was to convene. They call us cynical because we don't play golf but the truth is that we are practically as hopeful as they are, and so, still in the interest of experiment, we come to bat with another suggestion. Is our invitation still good, in spite of its reaching us through a deplorable misunderstanding? If it is, we move, Mr. Chairman, or if it isn't we instruct our representative to move, that the words "and communism" be inserted after the word "fascism" at the appropriate place in every resolution adopted by the Congress. Heads stands for pain of intellectual excommunication and tails for discussion as free and wide as possible. Which do you call?

The boys seem to have been pretty emotional when they read our editorial and so they didn't see just what we were saying. We said that we respected some of the writers who signed the Call but thought some of the others lollipops. We may have had some low hope of being called upon to name names, but *The New Masses* brandishes some names at us which, it is well known, we have respected a lot more consistently than *The New Masses* has. They call us conservative and we certainly are slower than they are to change our literary admirations when someone in authority says to change them. But we wish especially that *The New Masses* would read what we said about literary conventions in relation to effectiveness, and would then proceed to show us up. We aren't cynical, boys, instruments of the most delicate precision are necessary to reveal the small fraction of a degree by which we fall short of you in hopefulness. But we cannot see that these fraternity meetings ever accomplish anything beyond the production of self-esteem and the generation of carbon dioxide. You are eloquent and moving in expressing your belief that we are wrong but there is a better way to prove your case. Have this Congress accomplish something. Be sure to let us know what it is.

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Letters to the Editor: *Conflicting Views of Neutrality*

Neutrality for the U. S.

SIR:—I am astonished that you should have such a wishy-washy review of a book that raises such a fundamental issue as Borchard's and Lage's "Neutrality for the United States." Mr. Wild said generous things about this book, but then felt under the necessity of turning around and throwing a sop to the spirit of youth and the possible new world that is just around the corner. "Times do change," he says, "and though neutrality has been of service and appears to have many useful years ahead of it, it is not necessarily sacred for all time."

I submit that this is hardly an adequate commentary. You might just as well opine that democracy has been of service and appears to have many useful years ahead of it, but is not necessarily sacred for all time. Neutrality is an absolutely essential principle of international relations, as anyone can see, unless the world is going to indulge in a perpetual dog-fight. So long as there are nations and international relations, I suspect it will be a pretty wise precaution to keep neutrality "sacred." I don't share Mr. Wild's feeling that something newer and better is likely to come along and take its place.

Why cannot people take a position? You can't have two minds about a thing like neutrality. You can't praise a great book for its truthfulness on a fundamental issue, and then suggest that fundamental issues aren't permanent. That is, you can, but the only impression you create by doing it is that you haven't thought the subject through. It is a fine thing to have faith in the perennial new world that the youth of every generation is determined to bring about; but the only advances which actually are brought about, it may be observed, occur through a firm belief in a definite position.

That is to say, if Mr. Wild is a New Dealer and believes in the present foreign policy of the Administration, he ought to attack "Neutrality for the United States" root and branch. But if he believes in the facts unanswerably presented by this book, he ought to stick to that and not weaken his stand by trying to face both ways.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Searsport, Maine.

Mr. Wild Replies

SIR:—It seems possible to think a problem through without fanatically endorsing either of two extreme answers. Must we choose between a neutrality which would have us cling dangerously to hoary rights and an out-and-out climbing upon the collectivists' bandwagon? Evidently Mr. Colcord belongs to the "black and white," "either-or" school which regards third alternatives as "facing two ways" and any denial of eternal absolutes in the realm of foreign policy as lack of conviction. Swallowing whole does not necessarily make for good digestion. One may suggest that there is more than one way of preserving neutrality and one can, therefore, take a position, and this happens to be mine, which favors neutrality (not Professor Borchard's kind) for the present and which admits that that policy may need revision in the future.

I think it eminently desirable that the United States try to remain neutral, but to insist upon the 1914 rights, as urged by Messrs. Borchard and Lage, may be one of the surest ways of ensuring our entry into future conflicts. In many portions of the present neutrality law I have little faith, but a toning down of some of our historic claims, which are not God-given, appears to me essential if we are to stay neutral.

In its analysis of our 1914-1917 diplomacy "Neutrality for the United States" is superb. In its diatribe against collectivism of any sort it is entitled to respect, but if one questions the soundness of the type of neutrality espoused does that mean that one has no position? The book was praised for demonstrating how grossly we misinterpreted neutrality laws in the late war; the issue then between us is whether the 1914 rules, even if correctly interpreted by high officials, should form the basis of our present policy. On that score it is clear that we differ.

The so-called "sop to the spirit of youth" was plainly the suggestion that neutrality laws were made for the United States, not the United States for George Washington's brand of neutrality. The vehement emphasis of the book upon the indispensable nature of one kind of neutrality for all time, with the implication that we are retreating from honor and glory if we deviate from former patriots' paths prompted the reminder, for the sake of perspective, that "times do change." That does not mean abandoning neutrality in the immediate future, and my statement did not apply to those more apt and cogent reasons for adhering to some form of real neutrality now.

As for the reference to the New Deal, that seems to be a Maine-spawned red herring. Perhaps the Down Easters confuse Rooseveltian alleged collectivism with the international variety; that New Dealers must oppose neutrality is certainly news.

PAYSON S. WILD, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

"BUT YOU *CAN'T* FIRE ME—I'M THE BIG FEATURE OF NEXT MONTH'S *FORTUNE*."

The Oxford Theory

SIR:—I don't know when I have had a more joyous thrill than when I opened your paper of May first, and found Mr. Barrell's paper on Edward De Vere.

I have been a constant student of the Oxford-Shakespeare question since 1920, and have much literature on the subject, following upon Mr. Looney's book. "Shakespeare Identified" is not only a fascinating book, it is clear and convincing argument that cannot be ignored or disbelieved by a thinking reader.

Of those who don't *care* who wrote Shakespeare, Mr. Looney calmly states, "Indifference to the personality of the author is usually but the counterpart of an indifference to the writings themselves." So of these people and of those who persist in believing in the Stratford Shakespeare, we can but say, as was said of Ephraim, "he is joined to his idols, let him alone."

But remember, when the sneering and jeering takes place, to inquire if the dissenters have read and studied the subject exhaustively. A negative reply will automatically disqualify them for participation in the argument. And a negative re-

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The Last Writers' Congress

An Interim Report on Its Results

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

THE first American Writers' Congress was held in New York City in April, 1935. The atmosphere of that gathering was one of hope and pride. When anyone strove to suggest that the hope and the pride were largely artificial, the response usually was one of indignation. Granville Hicks was, at that time, the dean of Marxist critics, and he had, in his writings, heralded most of the younger proletarian writers. Proletarian fiction had conquered, and it was supported by a host of revolutionary writers. Hemingway was presumably dead. Faulkner was out of the picture. Dreiser was confused. Lewis was on the downgrade. The only writing in America, in April, 1935, was proletarian and revolutionary fiction.

At the first session of the Congress, Michael Gold was introduced as "the best loved American revolutionary writer," and he said, in part: "May this Congress be the beginning of a great new literature. . . . May this Congress be another of the landmarks in American history by which our happier descendants will discern the steps in our progress toward a richer and more social and a more intelligent America." Edwin Seaver stated that the most valuable recent contributions to the American novel had been made by the left, and continued, "we have only to consider subtracting" the names of the left writers, and we "see that there is very little remaining worth mentioning, and that the sum total of this remainder is constantly diminishing." Granville Hicks concluded his revised edition of "The Great Tradition," shortly after the Congress, on a note of hope and prophecy. He contended that a new sensibility was being revealed in American fiction by the younger American writers. The anthology, "Proletarian Literature in the United States," was also issued, shortly after the last Congress, and it was greeted as a sign of a new literature in America and a new generation.

Over two years have now passed since that Congress. Just at the time of the Congress, my own generation of fiction writers was coming to the forefront. Articles were being written about it. Publishers were seeking books by younger left writers, even though these books did not have enormous sales. The Book Union was founded under the impetus given by the publicity which the younger novelists received. This was over two years ago. Now we might take some stock. We might look down the list of writers who were, collectively, the white hope of American literature, the young writers who were less confused than Theodore Dreiser. Amongst the writers who had fiction printed in "Proletarian Literature in the United States" were Erskine Caldwell, Robert Cantwell, Jack Conroy, John Dos Passos, Ben Field, Michael Gold, Albert Halper, Louis Lerman, Josephine Herbst, Tillie Lerner, Grace Lumpkin, Albert Maltz, William Rollins, Jr., Edwin Seaver, and Philip Stevenson. We might ask what books these writers have produced in the intervening period. Erskine Caldwell once publicly confessed that he had written his novel, "God's Little Acre," in a space of something like a couple of months, and that he did little rewriting. Since the last Writers' Congress, Caldwell, one of our most talented younger writers, has produced a book describing his travels back from Hollywood, and a volume of short stories, "Kneel to the Rising Sun." However, a number of the stories in this volume were written before the Congress. Robert Cantwell has not produced a book since 1934. Jack Conroy was sometimes considered the modern young Jack London of proletarian fiction during the days of the Writers' Congress. He was, then, just beginning on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He has produced nothing since then, and his last novel, "A World to Win" (published in April, 1935), was a miserable performance. John Dos Passos, who belongs to an older generation, has produced "The Big Money." This novel has been discussed at length in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and I agree in the main with that discussion so I shall not repeat it here. Ben Field has written a volume of short stories, but he will most likely remain as a man who contributed one short story to American literature, "Cow." It appeared years ago in *Hound and Horn*. Michael Gold has not published a book of fiction since his "Jews Without Money." His failure to produce more writing is now a perennial scandal in left wing writing. Albert Halper's last novel, "The Foundry," was published in 1934. Since then he has held a Guggenheim Fellowship for one year. He has published no books. Josephine Herbst's last novel was published in the autumn of 1934. She has not produced a book since then. However, she has just completed a year on a Guggenheim Fellowship and presumably she now has one almost ready for publication. Louis Lerman? No book. Tillie Lerner? She was discovered by Robert Cantwell on the basis of a short story which appeared in *Partisan Review*. During the Writers' Congress she was looked upon and introduced around as a promising writer, if not a genius. In over two years, she has produced nothing. Grace Lumpkin has written one novel, honest, sincere, the same homespun type of book as her first novel, "To Make My Bread." Albert Maltz is a playwright. He has had no plays produced since "The Black Pit," which was running on Fourteenth Street at the time of the Congress. William Rollins, Jr., has written no book since "The Shadow Before," which antedated the Congress. Edwin Seaver has recently published "Between the Hammer and the Anvil," a pretentious and silly novel stuffed with tabloid tricks and platitudes, revealing a definite retrogression as a craftsman since his first novel, "The Company." Philip Stevenson, to my knowledge, has produced no books of fiction.

We might consider other young writers who were part of this movement, but whose work did not appear in "Proletarian Literature in the United States." One of the most powerful first novels to appear in the United States in years has been Nelson Algren's "Somebody in Boots." Nelson Algren has produced nothing since the Congress. Another excellent first novel, which appeared shortly before the Congress, was Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep." He has been working on another novel, and published one chapter of it in the magazine *Signatures*, but the writing was extremely precious and overburdened. His book has not yet appeared. Langston Hughes promised to become the spokesman of the Negro in American literature a few years ago. He has published no works of fiction since his volume of stories, "The Ways of White Folks." It appeared in 1934. Since then, he has also spent one year on a Guggenheim Fellowship. Meridel Le Sueur was one of our promising young writers two years ago. She went home from the Writers' Congress to finish a novel. It remains unfinished. In 1934, Granville Hicks heralded a first novel by Arnold Armstrong, "Parched Earth." Armstrong has not been heard from since. Nathan Asch's first novels anticipated the direction which the younger generation of writers took. A novel of his, "The Valley," appeared since the Congress, but it had been written previously. In the last two years his only book has been "The Road," a superficial piece of journalism recording a trip he took across the American continent. Edward Dahlberg? Nothing published. And what of the younger writers from that Congress, who were in their early twenties, writers associated with the now defunct *Anvil*? No books.

A review of what has appeared in left

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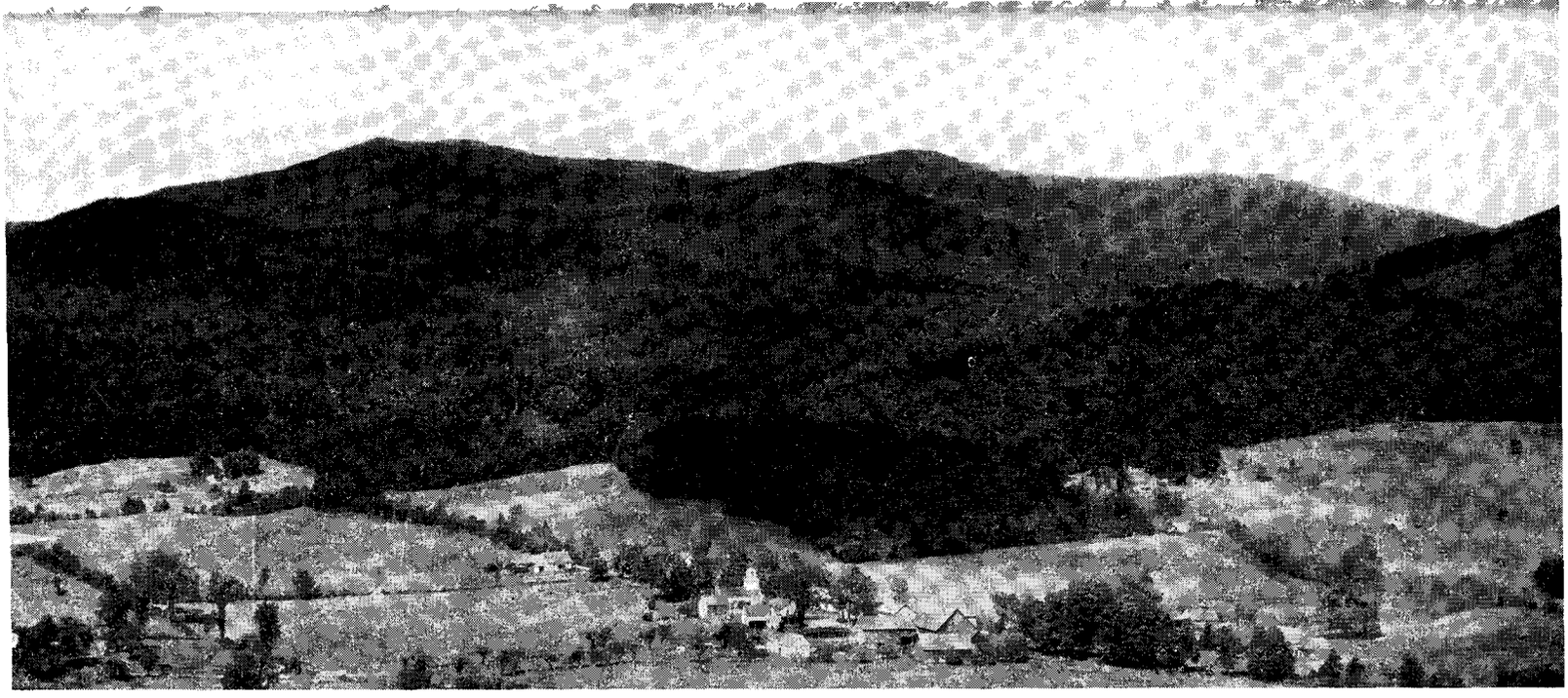

PLYMOUTH, VERMONT. *Photo by Richardson, from "Let Me Show You Vermont."*

Rhapsody in Green

LET ME SHOW YOU VERMONT. By Charles Edward Crane. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.

A HOME IN THE COUNTRY. By Frederic F. Van de Water. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.

AND SO GOES VERMONT: A Picture Book of Vermont As It Is. Edited by Vrest Orton. Weston: The Countryman Press, and New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

THE mid-eighteenth century was unable to decide whether sovereignty over the New Hampshire Grants was to be exercised by Massachusetts, New Hampshire, or New York. The inhabitants settled the question early in 1777 by establishing the independent state of New Connecticut. It became Vermont, by a sounder second thought, a few months later, and it existed free of all sovereignties for fourteen years, during which it was about as cool toward Continental patriots as toward Yorkers or the King's men. It made its own settlement with the Republic; it has made its own terms ever since, and the experience of independence has made a permanent mark on the State. Vermont has never been completely absorbed in the federal system or even in the sectional system; it has maintained its own establishment and something of its formal independence has vitalized it from the first. Incapable of industrialization, it weathered the nineteenth century as a more complete whole than any of its neighbors; in the twentieth, it is not only the most individual New England state (and the most beautiful), it is also the one with the most vigorous social system.

American literature assessed a tax on Vermont independence during the nineteenth century. The Yankee who was sentimentalized by our stage and fiction, the homespun philosopher with a heart of gold and a hat all bound round with a woollen string, tended to be attributed to New Hampshire or the State of Maine; for literary purposes, the Vermonter was gnarled, crabbed, and sullen. The tax has been rescinded in the twentieth century and Uncle Lisha's Shop has triumphed over the Old Homestead. The sentimental Yankee has gone quaint and, on Cape Cod and along the Maine coast, is patronized and tipped by the furriner in recognition of his parasitical economy. But in Vermont the furriner minds his manners and apologetically begs to assume a disproportionate share of the taxes without the privilege of raising his voice in town meeting. The gnarled and crabbed sullenness has thus proved pretty smart at horsetrading. The Vermonters, maintaining their original suspicion of outsiders, have gone their way in solvency, self-respect, and a sublime confidence in their own habits and institutions—and the outsiders invade the state in simple admiration. A quarter-century of this envious colonization has not affected the vital organization of Vermont.

The hunger for serenity, quiet, and a dignified and living relationship to land and community which brings the outsider to Vermont is excellently described in Mr. Van de Water's charming but badly proofread book. It is not profound but it is both sensitive and honest, and it phrases the need that takes thousands of summer residents to Vermont and has converted a surprising number of them to permanent residents. It is amused, understanding, and very just. This is what happens to the foreigner who takes out his papers in the independent state of Vermont; these are the annoyances and the disenchantments, the absorptions and the rewards. But prospective immigrants should not be deterred by Mr. Van de Water's prompt expenditure of twelve thousand dollars. That is very plutocratic indeed; it is usually managed for half, or even a fourth, of what he spent.

Mr. Orton's book is much the best collection of Vermont photographs ever published; it becomes a must for the colonist and even for the tourist. It covers the geography, seasons, industries, sports, crafts, and a good many of the mores. It is perhaps over-indulgent to the back-country, accepting as picturesque what is really squalid, but I know of no book that faces the problem of the mountain poor-white in New England, and in truth he is least a problem in Vermont. Mr. Orton avoids both quaintness and self-conscious display, holding fast to the typical and characteristic. A job that needed to be done has been done comprehensively, in excellent taste, and with the best resources of photography and printing.

"Let Me Show You Vermont" is the best exposition of the state ever written by a native—or by anyone else. In form a series of essays on local themes which are expert and fascinating in themselves, it is also a source book and the best existing guide book. Mr. Crane conveys an enormous amount of information—practically everything that any visitor will want to know about the State—without ever seeming to be digesting factual material. He is informative, explanatory, and interpretative without losing the personal touch or exploiting it. He does indeed show you Vermont, suavely and authoritatively, with a shrewd and realistic dis-

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crimination that is not blunted by his manifest love for his native state. His manner is as indigenous as his material; a good deal of Vermont can be recovered from the way in which he writes about it. He gets on paper as much as can be got there of the commonwealth itself; when you have read his book you will understand more of the independent state than you did before. It is unpretentious and unaffected, but it gets down to fundamentals, it is comprehensive, and it explains the fascination that the unabsorbed island has for the thousands who repair to it. A good many people have been looking for a long time for a book that would express the heart of the matter, and here it is.

Irresistible Force . . . Immovable Object

By James Holding

MY personal knowledge of murder
Is gleaned from the stories I read
By murder purveyors
Like Dorothy Sayers,
And Hammett and Christie and other plot-players
Of like sanguineous breed,
Who feed
My hunger for tales of the Deed.

The pranks of their criminals thrill me,
They fill me with ghoulish delight . . .
When the murderer chuckles
And tightens his buckles,
And chops at his victim with brutal brass knuckles,
I'm frightened to turn out the light
At night,
But enjoy my vicarious fright.

I own to a scalp-tingling prickle
When torture and death are in store;
My glee is Satanic
When hydrocyanic
Or nicotine poison is used in a panic,
Or killers be-spatter the floor
Once more
With crimson, arterial gore!

When Vance or Poirot is performing,
I sit in an awe-stricken trance;
I view with elation
The keen application
Of Fortune's and Wimsey's and Wolfe's cerebration
To problems like powder-burned pants, Perchance,
Or screams in a millionaire's manse.

These ferrets, in fact, are so faultless,
Each one is so sure to prevail,
That often I wonder
Who'd pocket the plunder,
If peerless Poirot, by a tactical blunder,
Were cast as the murdering male
Of a tale,
With invincible Vance on his trail?

Two Novels of College Life

TOWERS WITH IVY. By Minnie Hite Moody. New York: Julian Messner. 1937. $2.50.

THE TREE HAS ROOTS. By Mary Jane Ward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by Charlotte Moody

NO one can live for very long in any sort of association with a college without beginning to feel like a landmark. The academic year rolls round as regularly as the tides, spaced off in semesters and holidays. No one can sit through Commencements for very many years watching yet another generation of students depart without feeling unduly permanent and abnormally aware of the passage of time. This

MINNIE HITE MOODY

feeling of "you go and we stay" is a strong one. The longer one hangs about a college the more one venerates its traditions, the more interested one becomes in its history.

Possibly this feeling might be put to good use in a novel. Minnie Hite Moody has certainly tried. Her college was founded about 1835 and she takes its history down to 1933, through the story of a family always concerned with it. Histories of American colleges have a certain similarity. Young men studied rhetoric and chopped their own wood and carried their own water and planted trees on class day in all of them. Most colleges had a hard time during the Civil War and during business depressions. Some of them kept their heads above water, as this one in the novel, by admitting women students. The author has tried to make us see all this down to the day of the football stadium; the years rolling by, a dream realized, though realized very differently from the founder's original aspirations. Just what these aspirations were, aside from starting a college in a wilderness, is not clear.

Unless you are Virginia Woolf, it is hard to make a hero of time. It is also difficult to use one hundred galloping years as a background. In trying to do this and tell a story, Mrs. Moody has fallen rather uncomfortably between two stools. Her family is one thing, her history another. She has succeeded, rather surprisingly, in making both elements sound inserted. As a novel, sudden deaths are relied on at least twice too often, the characters are not realized (until one comes to two frustrated old maids at the end, who belong in another book), and the writing is monotonous. Describing changing fashions in women's clothes is only a fair to middling device for proving that time is passing; and having the class of 1837 and the class of 1871 planting ivy is not much better. As history it is too general, not localized or individualized enough. Though the college in question is located in Pennsylvania the chances seem good that Marietta College in Ohio sat for the portrait. It could as readily be about any one of a dozen colleges; Middlebury College in Vermont, for one, save that near Middlebury, thank Heaven, there is no hill called Old Posey Pot.

"The Tree Has Roots," say its publishers, "is a realistic novel of American university life, written from an entirely new angle." And they are right, for it is written from the point of view of the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds and various of the hired help about the place; a waitress in the Commons cafeteria, a repair man, a groundsman, a stenographer to the college booster or alumni secretary, and so on. It is a good idea but, alas, Mary Jane Ward does not write very well. On the credit side is, primarily, the idea, which conceives professors as people who lock themselves in or out of offices, students as people who scatter paper and lose books. The climax is successful. So are the letters written by the alumni secretary. Miss Jones, who manages the cafeteria, is the best drawn character and the cafeteria is well done. But nowhere (though it's referred to) is there any sense of university life going on around these jobs of scrubbing floors, raking leaves, emptying wastebaskets, washing dishes, making salads. The jobs are invariably more interesting than the people who do them. Characterizations are amateurish, all good or all bad, and when anyone thinks he thinks his thought right into the ground.

What we need now is a novel about American university life written from the point of view of a Trustee.

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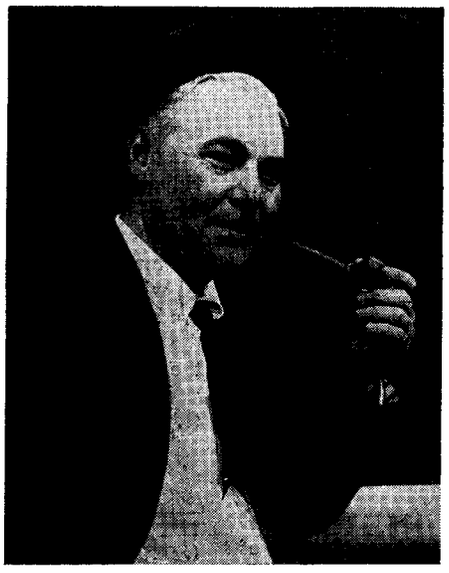
The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

A Theologian

WRITING here about Don Marquis (May 15) I devoted so much space to archy the cockroach that I had to omit what I wanted to say of Mr. Marquis as divinity student. This came back to me the other day when a friend told me he was going to attend a kinsman's graduation from theological seminary. The thought occurred to me—but I did not say it, for it would have required some explanation—that the ideal graduation gifts for a young parson (with a sense of humor) would be two of Don Marquis's books: *The Old Soak's History of the World,* and *Chapters for the Orthodox.*

The Old Soak became folk-lore during the Bootleg era. He was not merely the denizen of "a nose-red city, pickled half the time," if Bartlett will pardon us. You will remember that beautiful portrait (as pathetic as comic) of the old boozer's fumbling mind, his incoherent attempts to express the simple kindliness and good humor he had known in the reputable saloon—to say nothing of its stimulus to art ("hand-paintings"), politics, and home life. Mr. Clem Hawley was also no mean student of Holy Writ. His retelling of Old Testament stories, in his History of the World, is to me some of the most genuinely laughable stuff ever written. And in the course of his exegetics the Old Soak makes a profound remark which must be remembered by those who find themselves shocked by Mr. Marquis's apparent levity. The Old Soak vigorously objects to Mr. Hennery Withers, the "dam little athyiss," laughing at the fable of Jonah. "Only its friends," he says, "got a right to laugh at that story." The laughter in *Chapters for the Orthodox* is sometimes cerebral, sometimes violently of the midriff, but those who will take pains to explore under the superficial shock will find it always the laughter of a friend.



DON MARQUIS

The Old Soak, incidentally, always stood up for his trinity of fundamentals: the Bible, calomel, and straight whiskey. Mr. Marquis himself has been equally conservative in his choice of apostolic matter. It has come down to us by unbroken laying on of hands. The literary genealogy of Mr. Hawley was suggested with gorgeous impudence when Mrs. Quickly's death-watch for Falstaff was echoed in the hired girl's epitaph on the parrot. I'm ashamed to say I had forgotten this colossal jape until I heard it again recently in the talking picture. They've been trying Al's home-made hootch on the parrot:—

> He's gone, Mr. Hawley. He's d-d-d-dead! Seriously dead! It happened a half hour ago. I think it was his constitution undermined itself with that hootch Al brought here the other night, and I never will forgive myself, I won't. But he kept coaxin' and coaxin' for it that pretty that I couldn't refuse him. . . . And he kept drinking of it till he deceased himself with it. He called out to me about a half hour ago, he did. "Fair weather," he says, and then he laughed. Only he didn't laugh natural. Mr. Hawley, he laffed kind of puny and feeble like there was somethin' furrin weighin' onto his stomach. "I can't give you any more, Peter," I says to him, "for there ain't no more," I says. And then he stretched his neck out and bit the wire on his cage and squawked, for he says in a kind of sad voice: "Nellie was a lady, she was," he says. And them was the last words he ever give utterings to. (*Exit Hired Girl, weeping.*)

But we are speaking of *Chapters for the Orthodox,* a book I have always felt restricted from discussion here on account of the author's affectionate partiality exhibited in the dedication. However, the formal phobias mean less and less as time shortens, and because I am fond of parsons and wish them well I set scruple aside. A man who has been through the anxieties of the seminary, and emerged with his Bachelorhood of Sacred Theology, is surely grounded in faith to stand a few jolts. That book was timidly published (1934) and timidly dealt with by the Trade. My own feeling about it was that its only chance was to be offered as a translation from some other language, in which case it might perhaps have been a sensation. It would be hard to find anything more in the spirit of Voltaire than the first story—*Miss Higginbotham Declines*—with its glorious opening sentence:—

> It was Jehovah's custom, when he came to New York, to put on the material appearance and manner of a member of the Union League Club; indeed, he used the club itself a great deal.

I remember offering (don't laugh) to translate that story into French and try to get it published in the *S. R. L.* in that language, but could persuade no one—not even the author. But its delicate and reverent ribaldries would shock no one under the screen of a different tongue. The barb of the parable, as the new Bachelor will soon perceive, is a prickly one. Jehovah, brooding on the problems of humanity (and especially New York City) decides that what the world needs is another Begotten Son. This implies the necessity of finding for the purpose . . . but perhaps you'd better read it yourself.

In short, the book is devout to the point of scandal. Semi-religious people are always horrified by completely religious people; ethical ideas, as every philosopher has observed, are loaded with dynamite and perilous indeed for every kind of establishment. The world (said Santayana in a fine passage) is always a caricature of itself, always pretending to be something quite other than what it actually is. And to pretend to take those pretences literally is always horrifying. Nothing disturbs, or surprises, man so much as the discrepancy between his professions and his actual behavior; in that discrepancy lies the mother-lode of intellectual comedy. Marquis once remarked that he had a great idea: he was going to dramatize some of Bernard Shaw's plays. What he did in *Chapters for the Orthodox* had something of the same double-edged riposte: by taking ticklishly beautiful things with simple seriousness he explodes (in shattering laughter) the towering falsehoods of our genteel imposture.—And then humorously rebuilds them, knowing well that by make-believe we live. This book, which ranges from tender and moving fable to the most outrageous catcalls and trombone raspberries (uproarious, deplorable, with such blasphemous farcing as a Police Commissioner would not tolerate for even one performance) does actually come somewhere near expressing the blaze and bellylaugh of life. The prosecution of Jesus by the swine-dealer of Gadara (for having damaged the pork business), with Jehovah on the bench and Satan as prosecuting attorney, and a number of well-known contemporaries as jurymen, is a fair example of Marquis's audacious

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method. As a characteristic spoof of Britain, one of the demons (when called on to testify) speaks in a strong cockney accent. But it is impossible, as I should have known, to give any idea of a book like this without frightening or scandalizing the casual reader. Are they so few, I have sadly asked myself, who can see beneath this cosmic clowning the flash of its genial piety? Indeed, as Don said in his preface, he sports "in spiritual essence like a porpoise in the Gulf Stream."

It is in this book, à propos of nothing in particular, that Marquis pays his great—I wish I could say famous—tribute to Mark Twain: with whom he has so much in common. I think not only of his origin in a village near the Big River, and his feelings for bums, outcasts, freaks, ham actors, dogs, boys, newspaper men, drunkards, and Shakespeare; but also his passion for religion and Kelly pool, and a private vein of Elizabethan candor that is likely to remain private. I can think of nothing truer to say of *Chapters for the Orthodox* than this: it is the book Mark Twain must often have talked, and would have liked to write, but was too canny to do so.—That one-act skit of Faust in Hell . . . really Mr. Marquis, really. . . .

Welladay! (as Don says in the sonnets) —it's futile to try to suggest—in the clumsy sobriety of print—the quick-change paradoxes, the chameleon flicker, of a sultry mind. The methodical reader prefers something more static. And Marquis is also something that Mark Twain was not, a poet. In his verse too he has shown us that violent ricochet from fooling to loveliness. Both the long sonnet sequences (*To a Red-Haired Lady,* and *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man*) suddenly, after humorous chaff, burst with stunning effect into serious beauty at the end. In one of these he says:—

Serene, aloof and chill I love to sit,
Tranced in a thought of heaven and earth and hell;
My dreams I hedge about with bitter wit.

If my young theologian finds his graduation suggestion a puzzling one, let him consider another noble paradox. Marquis's finely realized play of the crucifixion, *The Dark Hours,* was produced, largely at his own charges, from profits made on the hokum of the dramatized *Old Soak.*

German Universities

SIR:—I am shocked at your comment about the question of our universities participating in the Göttingen celebration. Surely you haven't thought this thing through. You must know that the German universities like all their institutions have been thoroughly "gleichgeschaltet" and that all the teachers who do not profess to believe and to teach the Nazi Neo-Darkness have either been driven out of Germany or have escaped, or else are in concentration camps.

"Wretchedly bad manners" forsooth—in the same vein you might say of the mass murders and mass tortures committed by the dictators of Germany, Italy and Russia that it is all in the spirit of good clean fun.

That you who should be an apostle of civilization can voice such sentiments is very saddening, very disillusioning indeed. Please read Thomas Mann's letter to the University of Bonn.

LOUIS E. ASHER.

Chicago.

The Easter of an Anglers' Soul

'Neath Winchester Cathedral's ancient stones,
Where pious dead await the Judgement Day,
The hallowed earth envelops Walton's bones
Clean picked by worms and centuries' decay.
Wake, Izaak, wake; a shaft has pierced the gloom;
Rise, Angler, rise and greet the laggard morn;
Transfigured now what seemed a sombre tomb;
Again a "fresh May morning" is reborn.
He stirs not, who is sleeping deep in God,
Is nevermore impatient for the beam
That roused him from the shallow Land of Nod
To sally forth beside fair Itchen's stream.
There may he dream of giant tails and fins
Till, at the Trump, the Last Great Rise begins.

ARTHUR W. BELL.

Cheesemongers Please Assist

SIR:—I am writing or think I am writing a small, non-technical book about American cheese which I think is greatly unappreciated. I want to add a tiny anthology of literary references to or celebrations of American cheese. Do you know of any such? Or am I the first to celebrate our country's dairy produce?

CLIFTON FADIMAN.

40 West 57, N. Y. City.

To E. C. D.

Locksmith to a century
Confronted with forever,
Behold the Now essential,
And key the lock to Then and When
With Moments circumstantial!

EMILY M. TOMPKINS.

The verse above was written, by one of her students, to Esther Cloudman Dunn, professor of English in Smith College.

Lines Hoping To Be Contradicted

I have so many things to say,
But I shall probably be dumb
And on our long-expected day
Will only whisper, *You have come.* . . .
And O my dearest, what's worse yet,
A hidden pain, a sharp foreknowing:
Already, long before we've met
I feel the sting of your next Going.

EUSTACIA VYE.

The Last Writers' Congress

(*Continued from page* 10)

wing and revolutionary fiction since the last Congress is meagre. Novels have appeared by Fielding Burke and Leane Zugsmith. I have not, as yet, read these, and hence must reserve comment. The *New Masses* prize novel, "Marching, Marching!" appeared in 1935. It was a formula, badly written, utterly deficient in characterization. Edward Newhouse has written one slapdash novel. Clifton Cuthbert had produced a superficial strike novel.

One of the best periods in an artist's life is his first period. The young writer bursts upon the scene with a fresh sensibility. He has energy and ambition, and he is working under the stimulus of receiving recognition. He has not, as yet, had to cope with the corrupting problems and temptations that come with success and a reputation. He is still not wanted by Hollywood. We have before us a younger generation of American writers. Besides their youth, they have had, if one can believe what critics like Hicks, Cowley, and Gold said around 1935, all the advantages which come from associating themselves with the revolutionary movement. Their books have been lauded and advertised as works with a social conscience. They are living in one of the most interesting periods in the entire history of the world. They are writing of characters and events in a country that is very dynamic. They have material to utilize which has hitherto not been adequately treated in American literature. They are in a country which is at the beginning of its literary tradition rather than at the end. And this is their record during a period which should be their most fertile one. Why? If only a few had not published books, it would be an individual manifestation. It would be a matter of time. But here we do not have merely a few isolated cases. There are too many, and in my list, I have not cited all whom I might have mentioned. There are still more: Henry Hart, Dale Curran, the young poets, the playwrights, many of the critics. We must examine this record and consider it as a social manifestation.

This record provides us with a subject of investigation. It forces us to ask questions. And these questions cannot be answered in any cursory fashion. Now, when another Writers' Congress is in the offing, it is pointed and pertinent to conduct this investigation. What has been the record of the youngest and assumedly the most energetic generation of American writers in the interim between the two Congresses? What, in brief, have they been doing?

Besides his novels, "Studs Lonigan" and "A World I Never Made," James T. Farrell is the author of "A Note on Literary Criticism"; his most recent book is a collection of short stories, "Can All This Grandeur Perish?"

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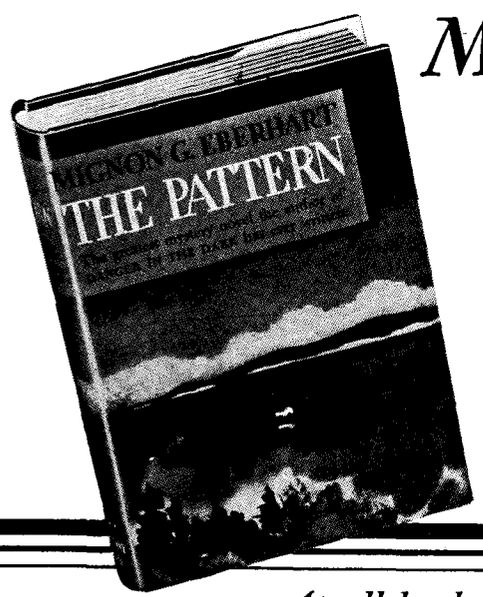

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A Tercentenary Symposium

FACTORS DETERMINING HUMAN BEHAVIOR. Harvard Tercentenary Publications—1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by SOL WIENER GINSBURG, M.D.

TO celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University and to give "corporate expression of gratitude to all who have built and enriched her life" Harvard summoned three score and more of the world's outstanding scholars to meet within her gates and to bring to an assembly of their intellectual peers the fruits of their attainments, each in his own province of learning. It is an alluring prospect to gather the great in many fields from scattered lands and bid them lend their acumen, experience, and achievement to the contemplation of human behavior. To judge solely from the volume here under review, the first of three such collections of essays read at the conference, the scheme was richer in promise than in fulfillment.

True, it would be a foolhardy scientist who would attempt to encompass, even from the narrower viewpoint of his own specialty, the entire field of behavior. War and sadism; culture and neurosis; poverty and nutrition; the state and authority; crime and punishment; disease and cure; heredity and environment. Need we wonder that the scientists have gazed, wondered, and retreated into the safer confines of academic usage?

There is opportunity here but for the briefest glance at the individual contributions. The structuralists are two: Adrian, the renowned Cambridge physiologist, who discusses briefly the implications of the concept of cortical (frontal) dominance in the control of behavior and confesses his belief that "it is, in fact, unlikely that neurological research will give new methods of control over human behavior." It is tempting to linger over the challenge he issues—"When all is said, a knowledge of physiology offers only one certain, though perhaps unattainable, method by which human behavior could be improved. That is to breed men with larger brains." But Adrian is probably wiser in merely leaving us with the thought that "the importance of the cortex would be so magnified that the result would be beyond the power of human thought."

The second of the organicists is Collip, the Canadian biochemist, whose summation of much of our present knowledge of Hormones in Relation to Human Behavior is characteristically concise and conservative. With little waste he has discussed the evidence that the endocrine glands help determine human behavior and has illustrated his thesis from clinical medicine, zoölogy, and genetics. This is a field to which Collip has himself made the most important contributions, and it is exciting to watch the rush of progress in a field so long disturbed by quackeries and pseudo-science.

Rudolph Carnap, formerly of Prague and now at the University of Chicago, contributes an entirely characteristic essay on Logic. For Carnap it is essential that we obtain an adequate conception of the province of logic to enable us to "distinguish between thinking which is irrational or illogical and thinking which is reasonable or logical, and thus win a richer understanding of the ways in which logical and illogical thought may influence the activities of men." A perusal of this paper leaves one with a deep feeling of the magnitude of this task, and a new understanding of how men are "deceived by their desires and count on just that behavior in others which would coincide with their own needs."

There follows President Lowell's charming and enlightening excursion into the development of the British Parliamentary System. How beautifully it illustrates his theme: "I propose to show that the parliamentary system as it now stands was by no means contemplated by the men who brought it about; that it was in fact quite contrary to their theories of government; that the steps they took were consciously and rationally undertaken to meet certain immediate needs without a thought of possible ultimate consequences; but that they naturally led to the system finally evolved." And how important it is that this thesis be fully appreciated!

Anthropology is ably represented by Malinowski and a restatement of his well known concept of Culture as a Determinant of Behavior. In a brief essay he has contrived to discuss such diverse, yet basic, matters as the culture of a typical nomad tribe (the Massai); to contrast it with that of a sedentary agricultural people (the Chagga); to speculate on "diseases of culture"; the family and social structure; primitive economics and other related matters and to allow us at least a glimpse of the "anthropology" of New York City.

The "professional" psychologists are three, Piaget, Jung, and Janet. This is not the place to attempt a critical evaluation of their contributions. Each has here summarized his already fully stated position, and the literature is abundant and profound in statement for and against these various concepts.

It is my opinion that the most glaring defect in this Symposium is the omission of any statement of Freud's contributions and the Freudian position. I am aware that this was probably brought about by external factors and reflects in no way the attitude of the University. But even though Freud himself was not available, certainly one of his brilliant pupils might well have been asked to the Conference. No attempt to understand human behavior in all its complexities and ramifications has been as fruitful and as daring as the psychoanalytic and none has influenced profoundly as many and diverse fields of scientific discipline.

Apocrypha out of Cambridge relates that on at least two occasions Jung was introduced as "Professor Freud." Perhaps this represented "collectively" unconscious wishful thinking.

Dr. Ginsburg, a practising psychiatrist, has in preparation a book on ethics.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

ply you will surely get, for any one who has read Mr. Looney's book with an open mind, has an open mind no longer, he is a disciple of Mr. Looney and the Shakespeare Fellowship, which now has branches in every civilized country.

When I read Mr. Barrell's paper in the *S. R. L.* of May first, I was moved to write to the editor, asking him to beware of articles by contributors who had not read "Shakespeare Identified." Then I thought it would be an unnecessary warning. Then the next issue appeared, with a paper written in the well-known vein of the Stratfordian adherents, and I decided it would be more help for our Oxford side than if it had not been printed! And I feel justified in my decision by the delightful page in a recent issue, whereon Mr. Barrell agrees that Mr. Stoll gives no evidence of having read the two basic books of the controversy.

The greatest literary question of the ages has been opened up by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and for that gesture, no praise is too high.

CAROLYN WELLS.

New York City.

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Patriots and Masses

THE FIRST AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Jack Hardy. New York: International Publishers. 1937. $1.

Reviewed by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

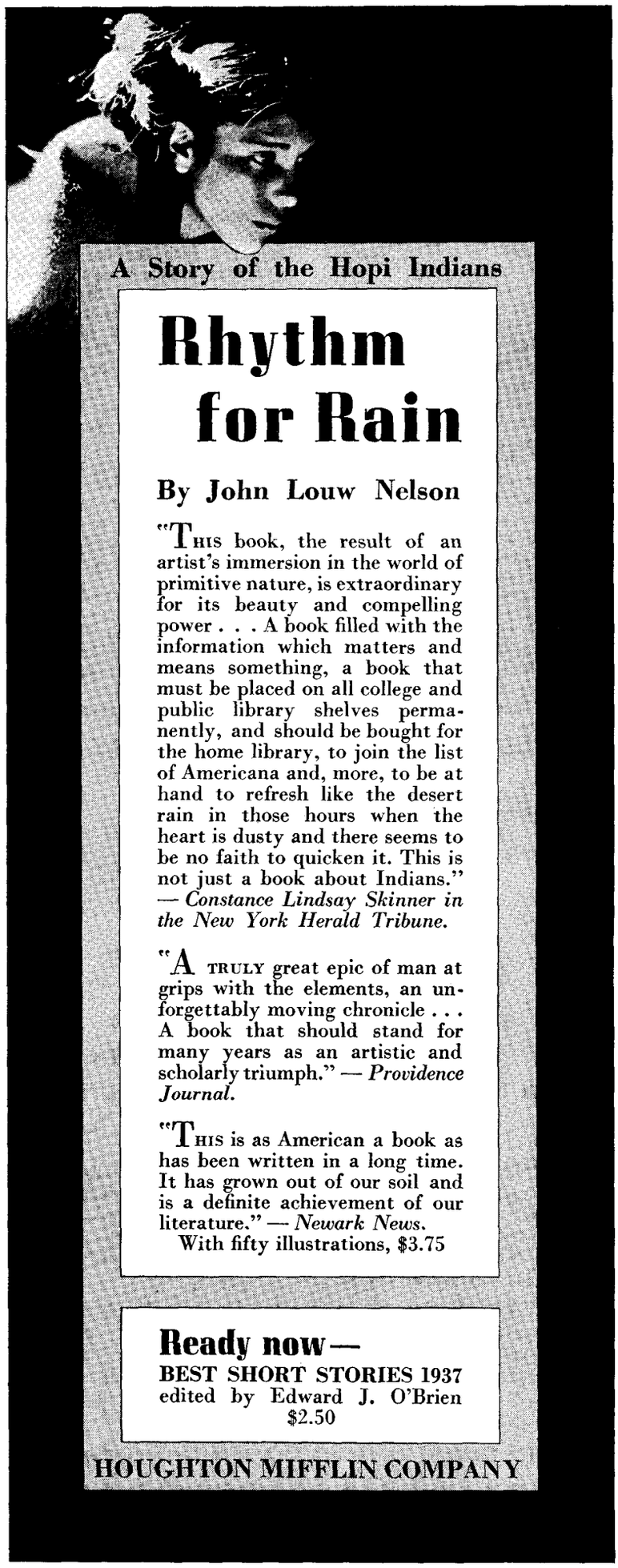
THERE has been a considerable amount of ink shed over the American Revolution since Lord Acton forty years ago announced that this was one historical event about which nothing significant remained to be learned. Thanks to a myriad of scholarly investigations, we have now a wholly different picture of the Revolution, its economic and social causes, its mode of operation, its ideology, and its international setting. Jack Hardy's little book makes no pretensions to original research. Rather, out of the findings of the "liberal bourgeois school" of historians, it aims to weave a "Marxist-Leninist evaluation" of the colonial upheaval. It is the first volume to appear of a new coöperative series, "A History of the American People," designed for the general reader and edited by Richard Enmale in the interests of a communist reinterpretation of our national development.

History written with an avowed thesis does not ordinarily commend itself to the judicious, but the present work offends less than one might expect. The author chooses to find the whole explanation of the Revolution in a clash between conflicting economic interests. For the most part, he has a clear perception of the nature of these conflicts, and only rarely does he substitute Marxian formulæ for ascertained or ascertainable fact. Thus, on one such occasion, he pictures the "propertyless masses" fighting in the front ranks of the Revolutionary armies—this in an age when nineteen out of twenty Americans lived on the soil. Modern historians recognize the importance, or even the predominance, of economic antagonisms in precipitating the crisis, but they also attach great significance to other conditions of colonial life, such as the century and a half of physical separation from the homeland, the mixed character of the American population due to immigration, etc.

Hardy takes sharpest issue with modern scholars in asserting: "The American Revolution was a thoroughly planned and coördinated social movement. There was nothing haphazard or accidental about its course." Apparently he here misreads his Marx. Though the canon may require a belief that the colonial uprising was foreordained, it need not follow that the movement was a deliberate conspiracy. But Hardy does not take his conspiracy thesis too seriously, for forty pages later he admits that, even after Concord and Lexington, the colonists "were as yet merely seeking a redress of grievances—an armed demand for reform."

When due allowance is made for the author's shadings, the book is a readable and stimulating summary. But Sons and Daughters of the (first) American Revolution should not be misled by the fact that the jacket is colored red, white, and blue.

Arthur M. Schlesinger is professor of history at Harvard University.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The New Books

Fiction

DEATH WITHOUT BATTLE. By Ludwig Renn. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.

The most pertinent remark one may make about this novel is that it is underwritten, sparse to a fault. All of Hitler's Germany is set forth here, from beer-hall to concentration camp, in the thinnest, bleakest kind of narrative that ricochets from one incident to the next at an unflagging pace. The effect is that of an X-ray picture, and the book has of course all of the X-ray's terrible clarity, revealing everything down to the bone, down to the inner fractures that wound the body of Germany. But there is too much that an X-ray will not show at all, the differentiating flesh (for skeletons are too much alike), the subtle face, the play of thought and development, which make a novel. Renn has permitted himself only to mention, and to move on. Important meetings that make history, such as those between Hitler and Mussolini, and Hitler and von Papen, are given one page. The Reichstag fire, trial and all, is done within three or four pages. Roehm appears and dies in fewer. Granted that the complete picture is here, brutal item for item for all who will read it, the fact remains that a great deal more may be done, and in certain instances has been done, with the material.

For example, Ernst Glaeser's brilliant and complex study of Goebbels in "The Last Civilian" comes to mind. Renn could have done the same for us with Goering or Roehm or even Hitler, for he knows all there is to know from the inside, and it is from just such Germans as he that we want most to hear the truth. Again, John Gunther's account of the Dollfuss affair makes the mention of it here seem unnaturally attenuated, like a series of headlines. Thus with all of the rich array of material that fills these pages, practically unused. Renn is even now fighting for Spanish democracy in the International Battalion, and may not have had the time to write the book he meant to write. If so, we are once more brought to wonder if a fine writer may well be spared, in exchange for one more soldier.

N. L. R.

CALL IT FREEDOM. By Marian Sims. Lippincott. 1937. $2.50.

That good old stand-by of magazine fiction, the "After Reno, What?" plot, is treated in competent fashion in Mrs. Sims's new novel. Feeling no doubt that most of the conceivable variations on this theme have long ago been fully exploited, the author has concentrated largely on picturing the life of the small Southern town to which the heroine returns after her divorce. The Coca-Cola set in Hanover is well satirized, if with a mildness somewhat suprising to mere Northerners. The admirably practical hypocrisy of the leading citizens makes a contrasting background for the author's convincing portrait of an essentially honest woman forced by her divorce to accept many compromises. Martha's emotional striptease when she falls in love with a married man is more conventional and in the end inconclusive. While the book contains little that is new and nothing of moment, it is readable, devoid of pretension, and likely to be popular with the lending libraries—save in the state of Georgia, perhaps.

T. P., Jr.

GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE. By Constance W. Dodge. Covici-Friede. 1937. $2.50.

Claverhouse, first Viscount Dundee, kin of the renowned Montrose, is the same who is celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's famous ballad from "The Doom of Devoirgoil"—

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was thranged,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

The Scottish Privy Council employed him to put down the Covenanters during the reigns of the later Stuarts in the seventeenth century. After James the Second's flight he tried to raise the Highlands for him and was slain at the battle of Killiecrankie. He is therefore a fitting subject for an historical novel, and Mrs. Dodge, first told by her father of the braes of Killiecrankie, has written quite a ripsnorting one, with two love affairs running through it, that of Jean Cochrane for "Bluidy Clavers" and that of Margaret Leeds for the young Highland warrior. Alastair McIan.

There is not much originality in the style of this romance or in the course that it runs, but the background of the time is interesting, there is plenty of excitement and fighting, of escape and daring, and the author's hearty partisanship for her main characters gives the narrative warmth and color. There are many dramatic elements in the story, not least among which is Meg's "walking barefoot across Scotland" to come to Alastair. Anyone who likes Scottish romance

(*Continued on page 20*)

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—*says WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE*

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1837 1937

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LIPPMANN—"THE METHOD OF FREEDOM."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

THESE are all young men I shall mention. *Laurence Whistler* is, of course, a young Englishman, the first winner of the King's Gold Medal. His book of this year is "The Emperor Heart" (Macmillan: $1.50). He is lucky to have so remarkable a brother as Rex Whistler to decorate it for him. If Mr. Whistler's verse is entirely traditional, it is also genuinely beautiful, the love poems particularly refreshing, and the phrase often outstanding. He is certainly the one with the rarest feeling for language and cadence of all the younger people I am going to discuss. His book is brief, but it is all well brought, and if it speaks chiefly of love and death, of time and mortality, it speaks of these things with an old authority that is not so easy to recapture as the modern haste of the world thinks. Mr. Whistler is not particularly of his own time, witness the tributes to old castles and to the architecture of Sir John Vanbrugh. But he is decidedly of England, and England is very old. His ballads say that too. But even so small a thing as a cat

A white cat skips so delicately
Out of the wind she thinks no boon,
The wind lit up like Jubilee—

and even so large a thing as "that great stone still fiery at the core," which is our earth, he can present to you with the unforced phrase that satisfies. His lovers in their strange comedy, "ruled by the clock that ticks away the night," are modern in their views, and yet happy in their love—rather a triumph. A book of distinction.

I should like to speak next of Mr. *Robert McAlmon's* "Not Alone Lost" (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $2) because he and Mr. Whistler illustrate certain differences between English and American poets, and this is the strongest book of Mr. McAlmon's that I have seen. It is direct. It is simple. It uses a sort of free-prose statement, and rhymes not very well. Yet its description is clear and forceful. I should say he admires most what he calls "animal-dynamo velocity": the racing horse, the silver bull, the wild boar, the bull-ring spectacle. His last poems are of fighting Spain, and express perfectly the loyalist spirit in that ravaged land.

Mr. McAlmon *is* of his own time. A good deal of his poetry is raw America, both of the cities and the plains. He writes in broken rhythms, he finds felicities almost by accident, as Whitman found them. He feels nostalgia for his American childhood, and recalls it not merely wistfully, with the quick imagination of a child. When he notes that the police dog is

pathetic with nerves
and a tenderness of eager curiosity

he transmutes close observation into just the right words. I could wish that his method were more accomplished, but he has interesting things to say.

Ross Edwards Pierce in his "Poems" (Cambridge: The Arcturus Press. $1.50) writes more rhythmically than Mr. McAlmon. Both he and Mr. McAlmon have written poems on the New York skyscrapers, and Mr. Pierce's is more in the nature of a chant. He opens with a long poem, in sections, titled, ambitiously, "The World." He brings the spectrum into it, from red to rose to orange to gold to green to blue to purple. It is original, and he has a certain happy wildness in his use of language. No doubt that he is a poet! What he needs is to grave more deeply and speak more arrestingly.

It seems strange that the "Twelve Poets of the Pacific," edited by *Yvor Winters* (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $2.50) are *not* going in new directions, or do not so appear to me. The group is composed, as Mr. Winters tells us in his Foreword, of himself; his wife, *Janet Lewis; Howard Baker,* and *Clayton Stafford* (in 1927 Mr. Winters and Mr. Baker were graduate students at Stanford University in California, and Mr. Baker was pursuing literature and scholarship), and eight younger members of the group, all former students of Mr. Winters, who now teaches English at Stanford. The youngest member, Miss *Ann Stanford,* is only twenty. It is an interesting group, and I like one of its aims at least, to oppose "clarity to contemporary obscurantist tendencies." Mr. Winters is quite frank both in criticizing the poetry in the volume and dispensing certain laurels. I shall not attempt to reapportion them, save that I cannot see anything of originality in "The Seagull," by *Don Stanford,* and Mr. Baker's "Odes" leave me cold. The book opens with Mr. Winters's own contributions. (It is arranged according to the ages of the contributors.) He seems to like words like "sylvan" and "drouth"—though that is not quite fair criticism. But such wording *is* a fault in, not only some of his own poems, but those of some of the others.

My quarrel with this poetry is not that it has not beauty and stateliness; but that it all sounds very much alike; and it somewhat reminds me of the different stateliness of the eighteenth century, before the romantic revival. Mr. Winters has made a study of American experimental poetry. But his own is like a Grecian gallery. Yet the statues that gaze on one here, do not deeply compel as did the statue that gazed on Housman. Young Miss Stanford, however, really has the root of the matter in her poem "Awakening." For many of the others—life, more life, I should say—and less diction; though that is far from being a blanket indictment. Nevertheless I think of two young California poets, Marie Welch and Josephine Miles. In their very different ways, how salient and alive they are!

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
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The New Books

(*Continued from page 18*)

of the old days will have a good time with this book, though it has no great distinction as literature. It is really what Robert Louis Stevenson denominated as "tushery," though this reviewer has a soft spot in his heart for that sort of thing.

W. R. B.

Miscellaneous

SILVER STAMPEDE. By Neill C. Wilson. Macmillan. 1937. $3.

In a succession of scenes, Mr. Wilson presents "The Career of Death Valley's Hell-Camp, Old Panamint." The Panamint mining district, sequestered in the Panamint Range of east central California over toward the Nevada line, was organized early in 1873 as one answer to the fifteen years' search for a lost Gunsight silver lode. Panamint camp vigorously bubbled, true to formula, for only three years, but, like Virginia City of the rival Comstock Lode, it reacted across the continent. The greedy scramble carried from San Francisco and Los Angeles to Washington; heated the ambitions of Nevada's magnate senator, John P. Jones, who eventually, between sessions of Congress, founded the speculative town of Santa Monica, on the coast out of Los Angeles, as the terminal port for Panamint. The feeder railroad, Los Angeles & Independence, competitor of the Central Pacific, was yet to be built.

While old Panamint was no worse and no better than a score of other bonanza camps, the drama of its rise and fall is made distinctive by Mr. Wilson's happy style and inclusive telling. Indeed, the item in a yellowed newspaper of 1874: "There are 700 men, 10 women and 4 inches of snow up at Panamint, and lively times are expected," keys a full novel.

E. L. S.

THIS NEW AMERICA: The Spirit of the Civilian Conservation Corps. By Alfred C. Oliver, Jr., and Harold M. Dudley. Longmans, Green. 1937. $1.50.

This volume is really a prose anthology, but it is an anthology of utterances both about and by the C. C. C. The authors have apparently quoted those whom they regarded as most fully and happily characterizing "President Roosevelt's Tree Army": Forestry and Park and Army

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PATTERN *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Murder of vampirish wife opens up new romantic vistas for deceived hubby, who is among suspects of detective J. Wait.	Action so smoothly swift, setting and people so intriggin, you never miss the unobtrusive sleuth—who pops in now and then.	First class
THE BORGIA BLADE *Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Q. Silver, master crook, goes to tycoon's palace bent on big swindle. Runs into two murders; to save skin, solves them.	Told-by-a-stooge affair. Synthetic shocker concocted from familiar ingredients and rough-stuffed none too convincingly.	Fair
THE LAST EXPRESS *Bayard Kendrick* (Crime Club: $2.)	N. Y. Asst.-D. A. bombed in auto. Schnucke, Seeing Eye Dog, leads blind sleuth Maclain to solution of double killing.	Lifted out of average gangster-yarn class by vast amount of unusual and exciting data on dogs and subterranean Manhattan.	Top Notch
THE PORCELAIN FISH MYSTERY *Harriette R. Campbell* (Knopf: $2.)	Crippled English socialite slain by fireside. San T'sai fish and irritable cairn terrier help Simon Brade solve crime.	Well bred and highly cultured opus with much display of huntin' pink, good writing, and clever solution.	Cerebral
THE PURPLE PARROT *Clyde B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Theocritus Lucius Westborough discovers who stabbed aged millionaire, saves heiress suspect from gallows.	Ending badly wrenches one of what-not-to-do-in-mysteries rules but the build-up is impeccable.	Satisfactory
DEATH IN THE YEW ALLEY *Mari Ervin* (Phoenix Press: $2.)	Apparently unmotivated murder of nice girl brings clever reporter home from ocean voyage to unravel mystery.	Not too coherent mixture of theatre, newspaper offices, marital infelicities, and implacable revenge with theatrical conclusion.	Unimpressive
THE GHOSTS OF SLAVE DRIVERS BEND *H. H. Kroll* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Quest of hidden Civil War treasure on mid-Mississippi islet leads young medico into spooky and spine-tingling adventures.	Struggle—physical and cultural—between men of Old South and New dramatically portrayed, with accompaniment of hants and spirituals.	Sho' 'nuf.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THREE of the four prizes offered by Random House for the best letters about Tchaikowsky and the "Beloved Friend" correspondence, were won by members of various colleges. The first award (a grand piano) went to Elizabeth L. Mann, of the English Literature department at Western College, Oxford, Ohio. ☞Frank X. Howard, who has been twelve years with Dutton's Bookstore on Fifth Avenue, has announced his resignation. Mr. Howard, noted in the trade for his attractive window exhibits at Dutton's, has been twice president of the New York Booksellers' League. He promises to tell us of his future plans a little later in the summer. ☞William Morrow and Company remark that to supply the cigar ash needed for the facsimile clues in *Crimefile Number 2*, 3360 actual cigars were burned in a special kiln. The original idea of inviting all the reviewers to smoke the cigars and save the ashes would have delayed publication of the book until 1940. ☞Old Q. likes the idea of the State University of Iowa in devoting the literary side of its 1937 summer session to the study of "American Civilization." They plan to examine the whole course of American culture and history, political ideas, regional trends, etc., and try to see what (if any) conclusions emerge. Full information can be had from Professor Norman Foerster, University Hall, Iowa City.

☞Houghton Mifflin Company announce that their Literary Fellowships for 1937 have been awarded to David Cornel De Jong (of Providence, R. I.) and Dorothy Baker (of El Cerrito, Calif.). Both these writers receive $1000 in addition to the customary royalty terms on the novels they are writing. ☞Mr. De Jong, born in Holland in 1905, was brought to Grand Rapids, Michigan, at the age of 13. He was working in a bank in that city when reading *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* roused his first literary ambitions. ☞Mrs. Baker, born Dorothy Dodds in Missoula, Montana, 1907, graduated in 1929 from U. C. L. A., taught languages in a private school in Oakland, and is greatly interested in jazz music. The ethical and moral problems in the lives of musical entertainers provide the theme of her forthcoming novel. Her husband, Howard Baker, has just taken his Ph.D. in English and will be an instructor at Harvard next year.

☞We've been getting some lively promotion letters from that cheerful New England magazine called *Yankee*, published in Dublin, N. H. There's a 7th New England State, they remark—viz., the New England State of Mind. ☞But do they realize that in the U. S. Government Topographic Survey Maps, Long Island east of Cold Spring Harbor is included as part of New England? We say this from memory, haven't checked the maps, but so we recall it. That would give our friends of *Yankee* a whole new territory to investigate. The question whether eastern Paumanok is *spiritually* a part of New England is something we plan to write about some day. ☞Every bookman who knows anything about London remembers the old *Bodley Head* on Vigo Street, John Lane's headquarters where the famous *Yellow Book* was published—and where the London *Saturday Review* had been founded in 1855. The house was renamed by Lane in honor of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the great library at Oxford. The *Bodley Head* became the central arena of all the modernist brouhaha of the Nineties; as someone said (was it Le Gallienne?)—

> Every hair upon the Bodley Head
> Harbored a separate poet.

☞Not long ago the firm of John Lane moved to larger quarters, and now Bertram Rota, well known London bookseller, has moved his shop to the historic Vigo Street premises. Mr. Rota says in his new catalogue:—

> To this fascinating building, so fraught with literary associations, Bertram Rota has removed his bookshop from nearby Old Burlington Street. Under their new style of *BODLEY HOUSE* the rooms will again house many of the books they knew so well, in first editions now grown rare, along with books of succeeding years up to the present day. Some of the authors who as young men first saw their writings take book form under this roof have promised to renew that acquaintance, and they may count upon meeting here young writers no less eagerly concerned with the making of the literature of this day and collectors who will ensure its preservation.

☞Any of our clients in London this summer will be sagacious to inspect this famous haunt of bibliophiles.

☞An unusual subtitle is A. D. Howden Smith's in *Old Fuss and Feathers* (a biography of Gen. Winfield Scott) who is described on the title-page as "The Only American Commander Who Never Lost a Battle—The One Victorious General to Lose a Presidential Election—Most Inept of Politicians—Strategist—Statesman—Humanitarian." ☞Maddox House Book Shop, at Rockford College, Illinois, sends us its list of best-sellers during the academic year 1936-37. They were, in this order: 1. *1066 and All That.* 2. *More Poems* (Housman). 3. *From Snow to Snow.* 4. *Where the Blue Begins.* 5. *A Shropshire Lad.* 6. *An American Doctor's Odyssey.* 7. *Excuse It Please.* 8. *Moral Philosophy* (Warner Fite). 9. *A Further Range.* 10. *Heads and Tales.* ☞Margaret Thompson, director, adds that Maddox House does not deal in textbooks. The students buy there entirely according to personal impulse.

☞An interesting collection of McGuffiana—editions of the famous old Readers, and collateral material (including costumes of old McGuffey school-days)—is being held until June 13 at John Wanamaker's. This should provide many a twinge of recollection for those who have long outgrown knee-pants and freckles.

The Amen Corner

"See, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round
The varied valley, and the mountain ground,
Wildly majestic!"

So writes Gilbert White in "The Invitation to Selborne," one of the poems which are prefaced to *The Natural History of Selborne* in the new edition just published in the *Hesperides Series*, that choice—and cheap[1]—collection beautifully designed by Bruce Rogers. The other titles so far have been *Herrick's Poems* (2 vols.)[1] and *Cranford*. In the new volume you may actually see Selborne in the view of Selborne from the Hanger which is one of the 16 illustrations by E. H. New.

The Natural History of Selborne is only one of the many volumes we should like to write about among those we found on the shelf labelled "New Books" in the Library of the Oxford University Press.[2]

Sabu, The Elephant Boy,[3] by Frances Flaherty—"If parents would only realise that good books . . . interesting books, do more to engender the aristocracy of brains than a dozen paid tutors, there would be fewer silly books for children . . . and more books like 'Sabu, The Elephant Boy.' . . . If you are an adult who still loves a circus, or a child who likes to read . . . you'll like 'Sabu, The Elephant Boy,' and count it a most important spring addition to your library," says the *Pittsburgh Sun*.

Royal Westminster and the Coronation,[4] by J. G. Noppen—"Strictly a coronation book, but one so well done that it would be valuable as a reference in coming years," says the *Chicago Daily News*.

The Empire in the World,[4] A Study in Leadership and Reconstruction, by Sir Arthur Willert, B. K. Long, and H. V. Hodson, edited by E. Thomas Cook—"Those who are interested in international affairs, and in the Imperial Conference . . . had better hurry along to the bookstore and get a copy. . . . These three writers are experts in their own field, and make no attempt to pull the wool over the reader's eyes," says the *New York Sun*. And almost as we gazed (it was publication day) Volume I of the *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*[5] appeared beside it.

The Paris Commune of 1871,[6] by Frank Jellinek—"A sensational story told with a wealth of unfamiliar detail. Written in a genuinely historical spirit," says Mr. D. C. Somervell in the London *News Chronicle*.

The Legacy of India,[7] edited by G. T. Garratt—"It is a pleasure to recommend this new addition to the series," says Carl Van Doren.

And still we haven't begun to enumerate. We suggest a personal visit of inspection.[2]

THE OXONIAN.

([1]) $2.50 a volume. ([2]) 114 Fifth Avenue. ([3]) $1.00. ([4]) $3.50. ([5]) $8.50. ([6]) $3.00. ([7]) $4.00.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

and educational officials in charge of various branches of the work in or near the C. C. C. camps, chaplains, outside observers, and the "enrollees" themselves.

The contributions of the latter are the most interesting and impressive, and the most vivid. They include letters written by boys before the camps were established, pleading the cause of Youth, records of camp experiences by "graduates," descriptive sketches, fiction, and verse. These will give much of what has gone on in these little villages scattered through American desert, prairie, and forest land, although the emphasis is perhaps too much on the inspiring role played by the C. C. C. This has happily been dominant, but it has not been universal. The book thus takes on the character of a triumphant yearbook—although of course covering four years—and this character is fortified by no less than five introductions from government officials, that from the President appropriately concluding the announcements.

To point out this quality of resolute optimism is not to cry down the book. Many readers will be slightly amused or irritated by this characteristic, and others will find the volume too much of a miscellany. Yet it is composed of materials carefully chosen and often moving.

F. E. H.

ZIGZAGGING THE SOUTH SEAS. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: Bruce Humphries. 1937. $3.

Mrs. Larz Anderson and her fellow tourists (who are playfully called Mr. Wrong, Mr. Right, Mrs. Snob, Mr. Necktie, The Bird of Paradise, etc.) had a "beautiful time" aboard the luxurious yacht *Stella Polaris*. And the natives of the Pacific islands had a profitable time with them. Wherever they stopped, their sojourn was so organized that they should miss nothing of glamour. It was most convenient. At nearly every port dances were arranged for them at prices varying from twenty to two hundred dollars; "finds" in the way of curios were ready to hand; and if the cruise Garden Club was not too busy its members could eat a real native meal there, cheap. "It is surprising," writes Mrs. Anderson, "how much a hungry person can manage to eat with only his fingers. . . ."

The itinerary was unusual for such a cruise ship, touching at most of the important islands between Galapagos and Timor in the Dutch East Indies, and it is doubtless because there were so many of them, and time was so short, that Mrs. Anderson was forced to describe the current customs of each according to hearsay that was not always accurate. But she is a careful historian, and her book's chief value lies in the brief, historical accounts of the islands visited. The adventures which befell the jolly passengers ashore were often more than this reviewer could stomach.

Mr. "Flower" once remarked, "What's the use of hens when anyone can raise an egg plant?" and similarly we might ask, "What's the use of travel, when we have Mrs. Anderson?"

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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TEN YOUNGER CHILDREN will spend a simple, rural summer at the lakeshore home of Elliott Merrick, author-farmer, and Mrs. Merrick, trained nurse. Write for circular. Merrick Farm, Craftsbury Common, Vermont.

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Double-Crostics: No. 167

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1-K	2-E	3-F		4-X	5-N	6-P	7-V	8-R		9-Q	10-K	11-W	
12-P	13-O	14-N	15-S	16-E	17-U	18-O		19-S	20-V	21-W	22-D		23-X	24-G	25-N	26-E
	27-B	28-U	29-W		30-I	31-P	32-U	33-E	34-O	35-J	36-X		37-L	38-H	39-J	40-M
	41-K	42-W		43-N	44-M	45-G	46-H	47-C	48-V		49-R	50-M	51-B		52-J	53-M
54-K	55-I		56-S	57-W	58-K	59-C		60-V	61-O	62-I	63-W	64-E	65-A	66-L		67-B
68-D	69-Q		70-D	71-U	72-C	73-R	74-G		75-H	76-E	77-V	78-S		79-B	80-F	
81-Q	82-E	83-T		84-M	85-F	86-D		87-D	88-F		89-G	90-H	91-A		92-R	93-C
94-N	95-U	96-P	97-O	98-V	99-M	100-A		101-B	102-A		103-M	104-W	105-L		106-P	107-G
108-M	109-J	110-U	111-W	112-S	113-T		114-Q	115-C		116-O	117-P	118-J	119-X		120-K	121-P
122-U	123-O	124-A	125-I	126-X	127-G		128-B	129-E		130-J	131-Q	132-I		133-K	134-V	135-Q
136-H	137-M	138-G	139-U	140-L	141-W		142-I	143-S	144-T	145-J		146-V	147-S	148-N	149-W	150-R
151-K	152-U		153-O	154-X	155-D	156-W	157-N	158-M	159-R	160-H		161-A	162-U	163-V	164-Q	
165-M	166-H	167-F		168-B	169-I	170-N	171-V		172-D	173-A		174-L	175-I	176-G	177-S	178-T

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS — WORDS

A. American composer (1884-1920). — 100 65 161 173 102 91 124

B. Roland's enchanted horn. — 101 51 128 168 67 79 27

C. Character in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." — 93 47 59 72 115

D. Amateurish. — 86 22 155 172 68 87 70

E. Character in "A Winter's Tale." — 2 26 16 33 76 82 129 64

F. River of Remembrance ("Divine Comedy"). — 3 85 88 80 167

G. Double-faced (comp.). — 89 107 45 138 24 74 176 127

H. Petulant. — 90 46 136 75 38 160 166

I. Outside of Venusburg he warns knights of their danger (Ger. myth.). — 132 175 125 55 169 62 142 30

J. State of present existence. — 145 130 52 39 109 118 35

K. First magnitude star in Boötes. — 41 10 133 1 120 58 151 54

L. Dupes. — 66 140 174 105 37

M. Not conceivable. — 137 158 165 44 53 99 40 103 84 50 108

N. Returns to. — 5 157 94 148 170 14 43 25

O. Set apart a specific share. — 123 116 97 34 153 13 61 18

P. Frees from tightness. — 96 31 117 106 6 121 12

Q. Poem by Byron (2 wds.). — 69 164 135 81 114 9 131

R. Coral islands with central lagoons. — 49 159 150 73 92 8

S. Indecorous. — 147 112 19 143 56 177 15 78

T. Actress mistress of Charles II. — 113 144 83 178

U. He defeated Atalanta in the foot race (Gr. Myth.). — 28 139 32 110 71 122 95 162 17 152

V. Union of 3 vowel sounds in one syllable. — 163 146 98 60 20 171 48 134 77 7

W. Novel by Holmes (2 wds.). — 21 104 42 111 57 63 11 149 141 29 156

X. Decayed. — 23 154 36 119 126 4

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